

ÉDITION DE LUXE.

No. 1,025



JULY 20, 1889

THE GRAPHIC.

AN

ILLUSTRATED

WEEKLY

NEWSPAPER.



STRAND

190

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PRICE NINEPENCE



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AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

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DE LUXE

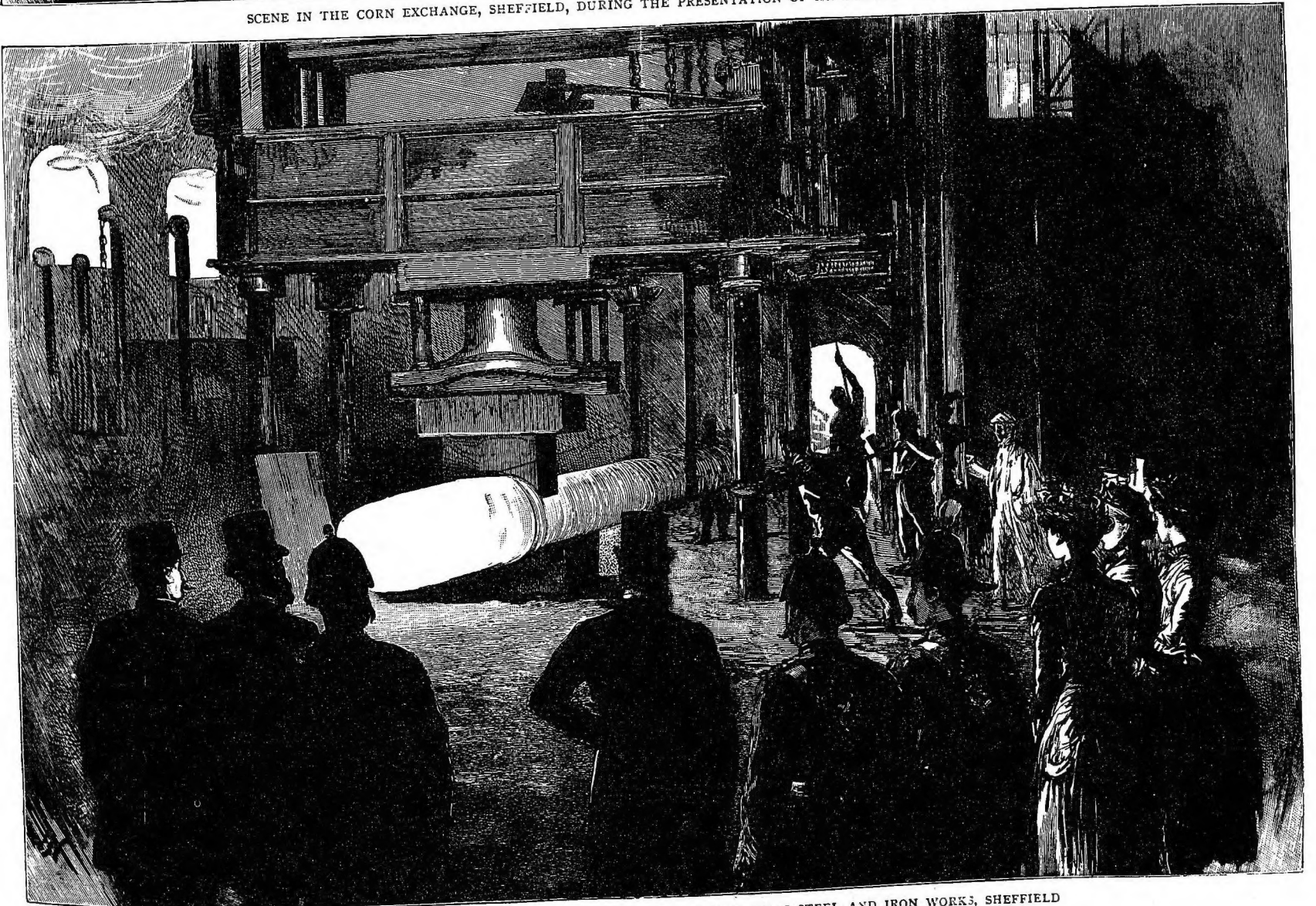
SATURDAY, JULY 20, 1889

THIRTY-TWO PAGES
AND EXTRA SUPPLEMENT

PRICE NINEPENCE
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SCENE IN THE CORN EXCHANGE, SHEFFIELD, DURING THE PRESENTATION OF AN ADDRESS FROM THE MAYOR



THE SHAH WITNESSING THE FORGING OF A STEEL INGOT AT THE ATLAS STEEL AND IRON WORKS, SHEFFIELD
THE SHAH OF PERSIA IN ENGLAND

"AN UNEASY FEELING."—What is called "an uneasy feeling" has prevailed lately in the Austrian capital, and it could be no exaggeration to say that all over Western Europe there is a vague dread of impending war. For this state of things the Russian Government is responsible. France is too much occupied with her internal difficulties to think of involving herself in international complications, and England, Italy, Germany, and Austria wish for nothing so much as the maintenance of peace. The designs of Russia are less intelligible. There is no evidence, indeed, that she has anything to do with the troubles in Crete, but it is manifest to all the world that she has been trying hard to obtain predominant influence in Servia, and that her efforts have been attended by a remarkable degree of success. If the Russian Government would leave the Balkan States alone, Europe might hope to enjoy a period of tranquillity ; but war will never seem very far off as long as the Czar interferes, now at Sofia, now at Belgrade. The questions relating to the independence of Servia and Bulgaria are questions of life and death for Austria. She has not the faintest wish to annex these States to her own territory ; she would a thousand times rather see them strong and prosperous. But to let the Russians annex them, or prepare the way for annexation, would be to submit to conditions wholly incompatible with her own security. It has been suggested that Austria and Germany should combine to "ask Russia categorically whether that Power means war or peace." We must hope that no such demand will be made, but Russia can hardly be surprised that it should be talked about. If she does not mean war, she is acting in a way that inevitably excites suspicion.

MR. PARNELL'S "STRATEGIC MOVEMENT."—Whatever may have been the occult reason for the Irish leader's latest move, it seems to be a profound mistake. The ostensible cause is too trifling to deceive any but those who wish to be deceived. However interesting might have been the documentary evidence which Mr. Parnell wished Mr. Houston to produce, it could not possibly have had the slightest bearing on the case before the Special Commission. So palpable is this that the public are sure to search about for some other and more powerful motive. Should this guessing take a direction unfavourable to the accused, they will have only themselves to blame for having provided food for popular suspicion. In Ireland, no doubt, it may be taken for granted that they were actuated by a fine frenzy of indignation. But on this side of the Channel, public judgment is colder and more censorious. There may be some, therefore, who will detect in this *coup de théâtre* a carefully-planned and premeditated stratagem for the repudiation of the Special Commission's judgment, if unfavourable to the accused. Mr. Parnell and his colleagues have from the first objected to the Commission, and their present protest certainly looks somewhat as if, having done all the good they could for themselves in court, they are preparing a soft bed to fall upon. Having once agreed to submit their case to Sir James Hannen and his associates, their wisest as well as most straightforward course would have been to go through the business to the end. It wears an ugly look in English eyes when litigants, after accepting arbitration, show a disposition to cavil at the decision even before it is pronounced. Mr. Parnell is a shrewd and sagacious player at the political game, but for once his hand seems to have lost its cunning.

WHITECHAPEL MURDERS AND THE POLICE.—It is rather curious that the Metropolitan Police Report should be issued just as what seems like another genuine Whitechapel horror has been perpetrated. The previous murders of this mysterious series were committed on the following dates:—One in the Christmas week of 1887, one on August 7th last year, one on August 31st, one on September 7th, two on September 30th, and one on November 9th. Since then, imitative outrages in other parts of the country and abroad excepted, there has been a complete lull. Now it looks as if the original fiend had got to work again. Nor have we much hope of his being caught by any special display of acuteness on the part of the police. As we have often said before, this sort of crime, being directed against chance strangers, without any motive of plunder or personal revenge, is most difficult of detection. Turning now to the Police Report, it cannot be said to afford very satisfactory reading. That the number of murders increased in 1888 as compared with 1887, while the convictions for murder decreased, is no doubt due to that remarkable, and, it is to be hoped, exceptional series of atrocities which we have just been discussing. It is really more disquieting to learn that burglary, housebreaking, and arson show a considerable increase. This brings us to Mr. Monro's contention that the police force is under-manned. Out of a total number of 14,000 men, no less than 2,000 are employed in watching Government buildings. For this large reduction we may thank the dynamite desperadoes. Then another 2,000 are employed on station duties, or are paid for by public companies and private persons. Deducting the sick

and the men on leave, there are only 9,000 constables available for duty in the streets, and, as most of these are wanted for night-work, the day-duty of all London, beyond the City, is performed by about 1,600 men. Remembering the immense size of the metropolitan police district, and the constant increase of population, Mr. Monro is, we think, fully justified in asking that the force should be strengthened. On this point we hope, on a future occasion, to offer some suggestions.

GENERAL BOULANGER'S HOPES.—The time for the General Election in France is rapidly approaching, and this, combined with the fact that the Paris Exhibition is no longer a novelty, is leading Frenchmen to think once more, and to talk a great deal, about General Boulanger. That the Republicans, whatever they may say, are very much afraid of him is proved by the speedy passing of the Multiple Candidature Bill. This measure will seriously hamper him, and we may be sure that every possible obstacle will be thrown in his way in connection with the proceedings of the High Court which is to pronounce judgment upon him. The Republican Government are acting well within their right in the course they are pursuing, and it is probable that their precautions will be successful if there is not really a very deep and wide-spread enthusiasm in General Boulanger's favour. Everything depends on that "if." Should events show that a decided majority of the French people are resolved to raise him to office, nothing the Government can do will prevent them from attaining their wish. No one supposes that his personal qualities would ever suffice to secure for him the triumph he hopes to win. There is no evidence that he is a man of genius, and he cannot boast of a single achievement that would, in ordinary times, have brought him to the front rank. His strength lies in the fact that a vast number of people are bitterly dissatisfied with the existing system, and that the members of each group of malcontents expect to be able to use him for their own purposes. Every impartial foreign observer, who cares for the welfare of France, sincerely hopes that his ambition may be thwarted. It might easily happen that if he became Dictator, the nation would be quickly dragged into a Slough of Despond.

THE DONEGAL EVICTIONS.—The historical retrospect of Ireland and her "distressful" condition given by the Duke of Argyll was so good in its way, and so full of instruction, that no little advantage might result from its dissemination in pamphlet form. Englishmen have been so frequently twitted with seven centuries of oppression in the Sister Isle, that it is positively refreshing to learn that the real oppressors were the Irish themselves. And so it would be again, were Ireland set free from the *force majeure* of Great Britain. Either the North would oppress the South or *vice versa*, until, at last, the flames of civil war broke out again, and England had once more to interfere with a high hand. Equally full of enlightenment was the ducal history of the Olphert estate. Here we have a really kind-hearted landlord, living on his property year after year, and doing all in his power to improve the circumstances of his tenantry. But because, after large reductions of rent, he ventures to demand payment of the remainder, he is denounced as a cruel tyrant. It would be fortunate for the world if it contained many more "tyrants" of the same sort; among the hostile critics who launch that epithet at Mr. Olphert, there are some, perhaps, whose *employés* apply it to them on much more adequate grounds. Eviction is no harsher than dismissal, both bring misery to their victims. But we have yet to see a manufacturing M.P. of "advanced" views getting up in his place to denounce dismissal as tyranny and injustice. It would be so if the decree were issued on light grounds, and equally harsh would eviction be under these circumstances. But when, as in Mr. Olphert's case, tenants who have been treated with the greatest kindness refuse to pay any rent at all, either they must be turned out or proprietorial rights are at an end.

ADOPTION OF CHILDREN.—Lord Meath's Bill was intended to prevent parents from recovering their children after they had consented to their adoption unless they satisfied the justices that their claim was legitimate. There can be no doubt that some such measure as this is badly wanted. Abundant evidence has been brought forward to show that disreputable parents are quite willing to let their children be taken care of by benevolent strangers for a time, and then, as soon as they think they can make money out of them, they insist on their legal rights, deprive the poor little creatures of the wholesome training which they were receiving, and, in many cases, condemn them to a career of beggary and criminality. But the Lord Chancellor pronounced Lord Meath's Bill to be ill-constructed and dangerous in principle, whereupon it was withdrawn. He has undertaken, however, to bring forward a measure giving Poor Law Guardians some such powers as were claimed on behalf of *bond fide* adopters under the rejected Bill. We hope that Lord Meath will keep the Lord Chancellor up to his promise, and will get these powers extended to other institutions besides work-house officials, who are not the only persons interested in the reclamation of ill-used or neglected children. Consider-

ing the importance of the subject, and the fact that the House of Lords usually sits for less than an hour daily, the Government might easily have brought in a Bill of their own, instead of contenting themselves with picking holes in Lord Meath's well-intended measure. It is just the want of some such enactment which led to the Barnardo case. No doubt Dr. Barnardo acted wrongly. He should not have allowed the girl Tye to be spirited away after the mother had claimed her, and, as the law stands, he deserved the severe wiggling administered by the judges. Nevertheless it may be suspected that most persons will sympathise far more with Dr. Barnardo, although he has been misled by his benevolent zeal, than with the legal guardians of Mary Anne Tye.

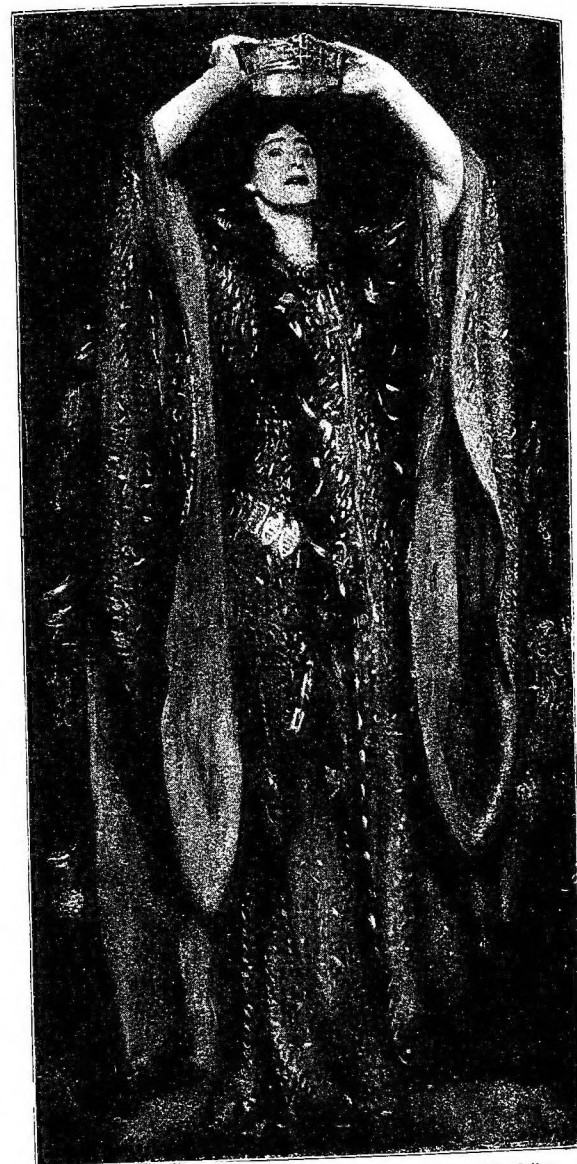
THE NEW COSMOPOLITANISM.—During the lifetime of the present generation there has been, all over the civilised world, a remarkable revival of the sentiment of patriotism. To this the Germans and the Italians owe their national unity, and among all other peoples in Europe many striking effects have been produced by the same cause. It is worth noting, however, that there is one very important exception. Socialism has lately been making rapid progress in the Western world; and among the classes to whom it effectively appeals the patriotic feeling seems to have almost wholly died out. They are not without enthusiasm of a different kind. They long for the time when, as they hope, the social order will be reorganised, and the best of them are always ready to put themselves to a great deal of trouble for the promotion of the cause to which they have devoted themselves. But the changes they wish to bring about do not relate to any one country more than to another. Their aims are Cosmopolitan, and they are penetrated by the conviction that they can get what they want only by the union of the labouring classes in all lands. A good example of the operation of this new force is afforded by the International Workers' Congress, which held its first meeting in Paris on Monday. The members profess to be indifferent to almost all the motives which agitate the minds of ordinary politicians, and that they are sincere is indicated, among other things, by the fraternal greetings which have passed between the French and the German Delegates. Frenchmen and Germans of the middle and higher classes hold little intercourse with one another; but in this Congress Celt and Teuton feel that international jealousies are ridiculous, and that the claims of labour are the only things really worth thinking about. How far Cosmopolitanism of this sort is likely to become a great power in the world it may be impossible yet to foresee, but it is significant that of all the movements of our time this is the one which a statesman like Prince Bismarck most closely watches.

MILITARY TEMPERANCE IN INDIA.—Time was, and that not so long ago, either, when military service in India was associated by the British public with hard drinking. King Brandy Pawnee shared with King Cholera the throne of terrorism in the parental mind ; “ Mind you always wear your flannel belt ” would be the last maternal injunction, while the paternal lips would whisper “ and keep clear of the brandy bottle.” All this happily belongs to the days that are dead and buried. While the superior classes of Europeans rarely exceed, the British private has exchanged his potent arrack and rum for wholesome beer brewed in the hills. Nor is this all ; there are many soldiers, it appears, who hold that it is a work of supererogation to heat the blood and fire the brain with stimulants in a country where the climate does more than is necessary in both matters. At the meeting of the Marylebone Temperance Federation, a worthy clergyman, who has laboured for years among the soldiery in the East, stated that the European contingent out there now contains 14,000 total abstainers in its ranks—that is, about one-fifth. Excellent progress, truly ; at the time of the great Mutiny, we doubt whether the total abstainers amounted to one per cent. But Lord Wolsley would hurry the pace ; not content with this rapid rate of improvement, he urges the prohibition of alcoholic liquors in the Army as the only way of making the men “ moral and good.” Whether that effect would result or not, it is very certain that recruiting would suffer terribly were it known that even a glass of beer was forbidden to Tommy Atkins. But, putting the matter on higher ground, it is not easy to see any sweet reasonableness in debarring soldiers from a source of indulgence which, we suppose, would remain optional with their officers.

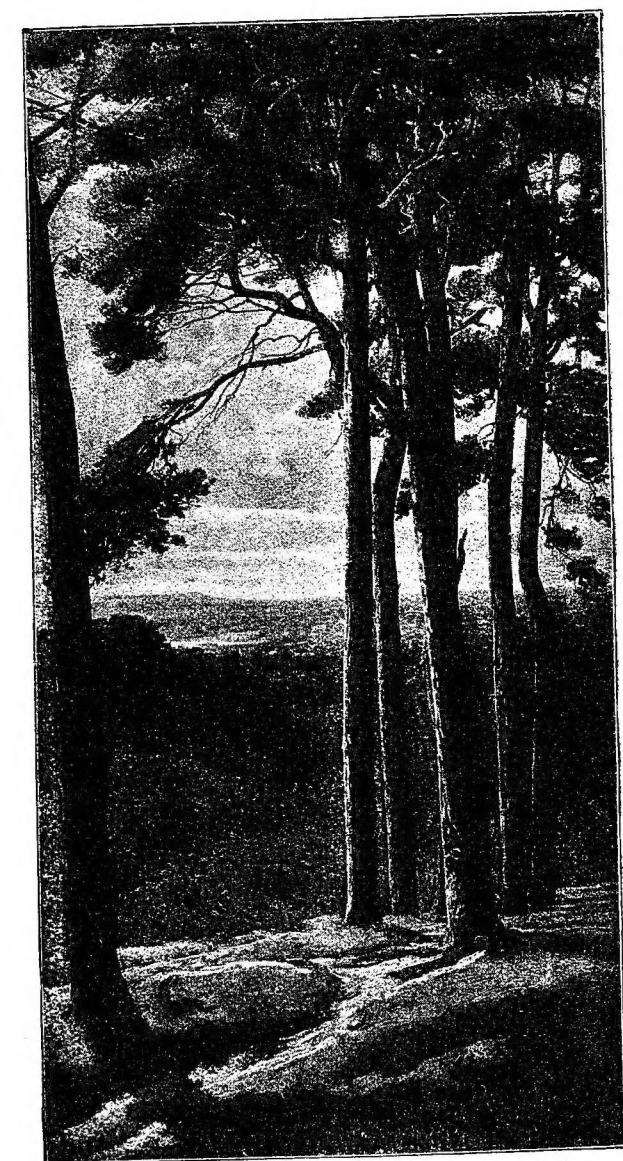
SHORT TIME IN THE COTTON TRADE.—The Labour Report just issued by the Board of Trade is, on the whole, of a very satisfactory character. The iron shipbuilders are said to be enjoying a prosperity which they have not known since 1882, and the numerous industries which are allied with shipbuilding naturally participate in their good fortune. The iron and steel trades, and, therefore, as a necessary consequence, the coal trade, are also thriving. The building industries, too, are in a good condition; while the clothing and boot and shoe trades have, though in a more moderate degree, fair reason to be contented. The cotton industry forms the great exception. The profits have been very meagre for some time past, and it has been decided to work half-time, provided the owners of two-thirds of the spindles in the cotton districts agree to the proposal. This resolution means for a large number of persons—more than a



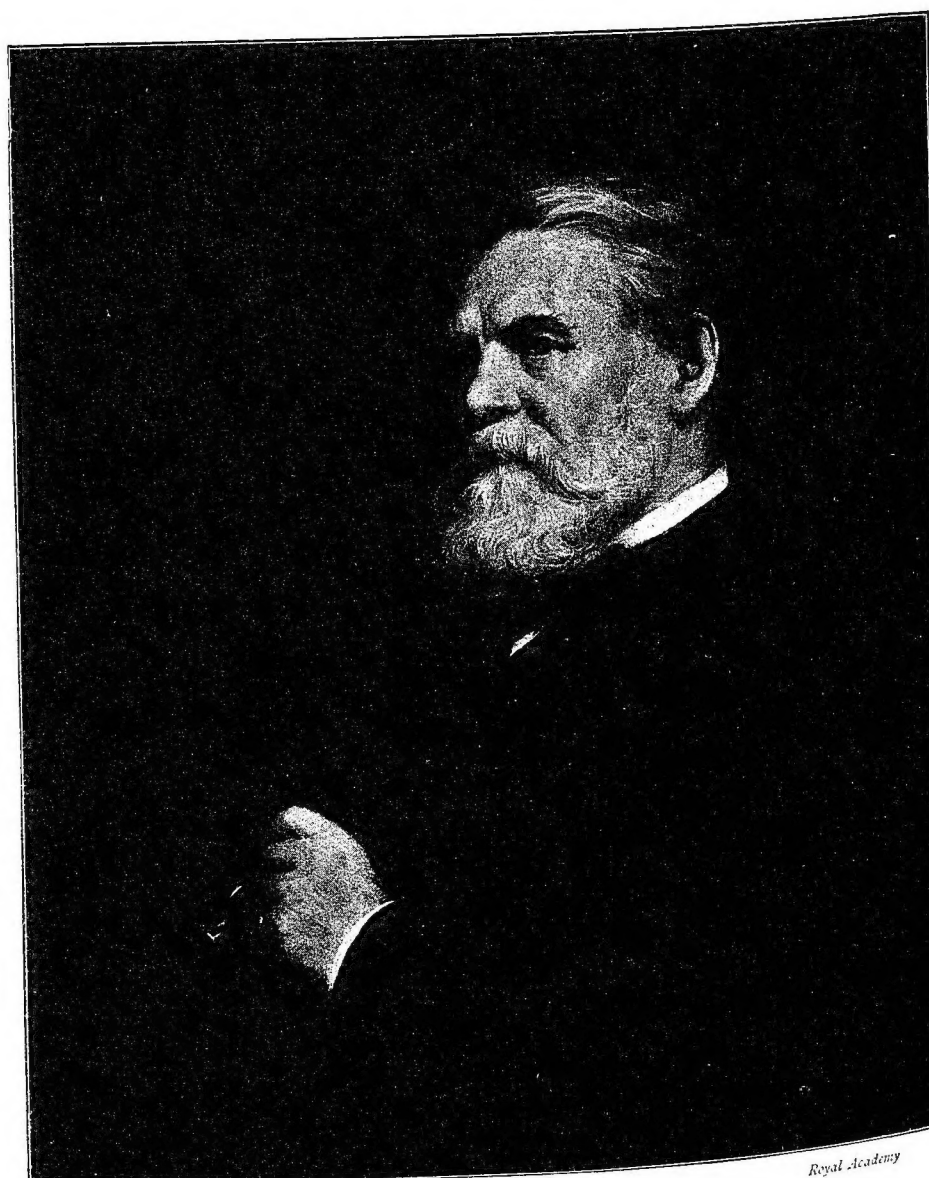
FRED MORGAN "WILD ROSES" Royal Academy
(By permission of Mr. McLean, the owner of the copyright)



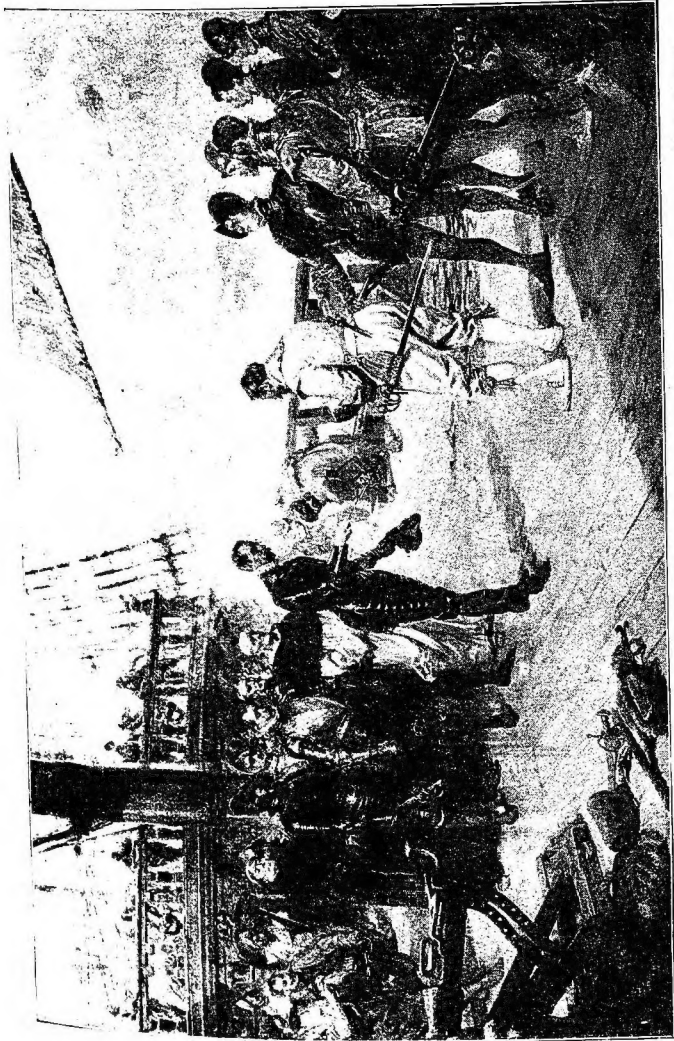
J. S. SARGENT "MISS ELLEN TERRY AS LADY MACBETH" New Gallery



CHARLES J. FOX "THE FIRS HAMPSTEAD HEATH" Royal Academy



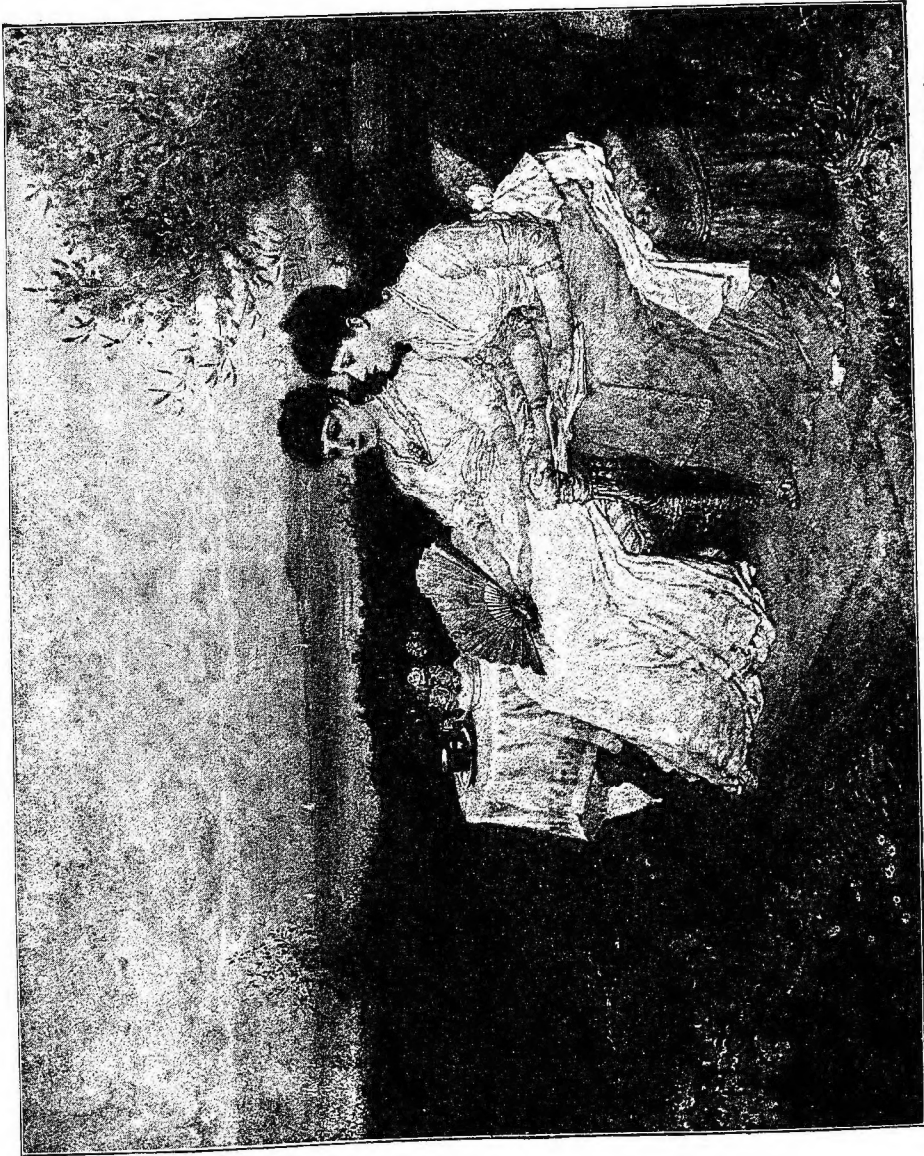
W. W. OULES, R.A. "J. L. PEARSON, R.A." Royal Academy



J. SEYMOUR LUCAS, A.R.A.

"THE SURRENDER"

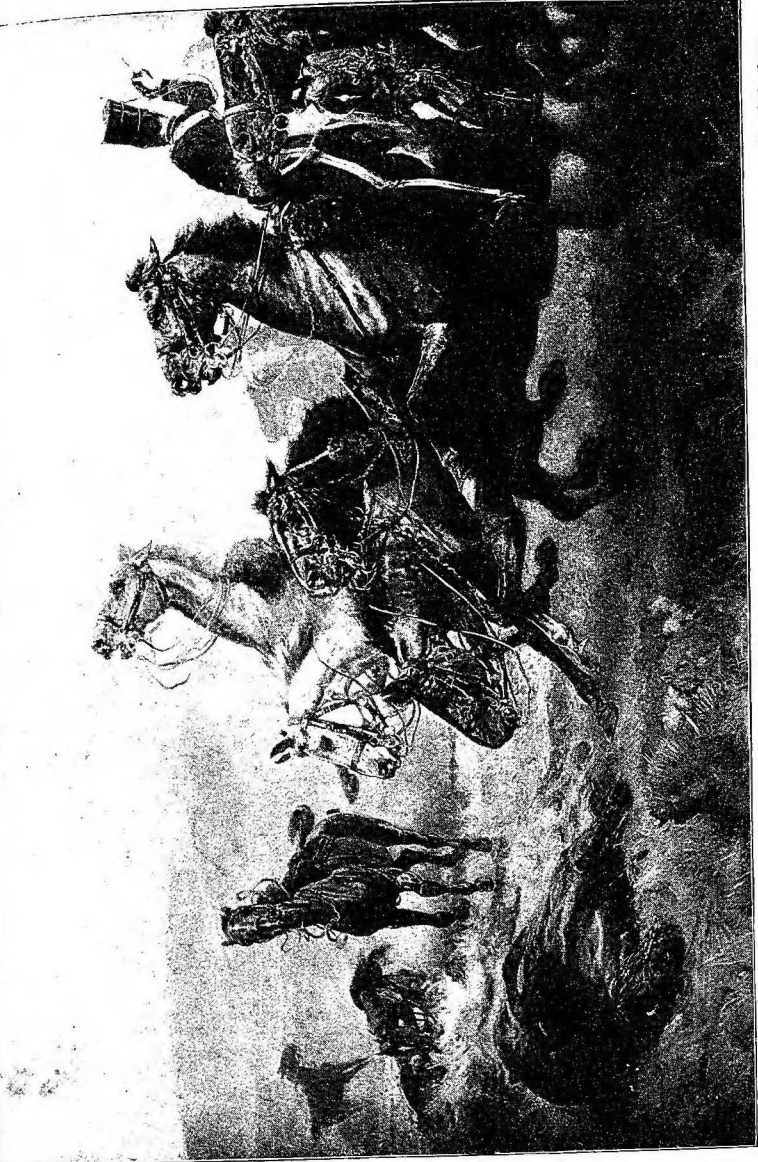
Royal Academy



G. H. BOUGHTON, A.R.A.

"SISTERS"

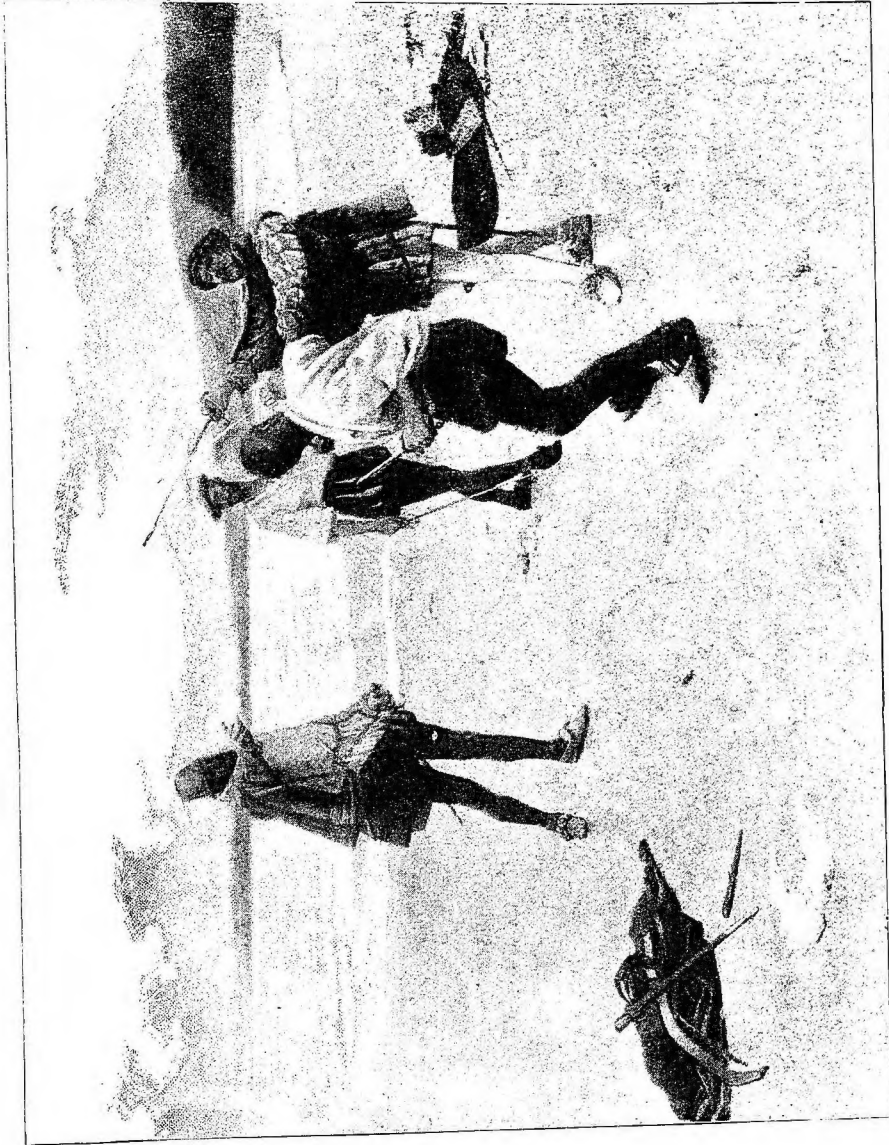
Royal Academy



JOHN CHARLTON

"INCIDENT IN THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE, BALACLAVA, 25th OF OCTOBER, 1854"

Royal Academy



FRANK DOURILLON

"ON BIDEFORD SANDS"
"If you stir Mr Carey, you have to deal with Richard Grenville." — Westward Ho!

Royal Academy

JULY 20, 1889

hundred thousand in North and North-East Lancashire alone—a change from comfort to penury. The complaint is that by the action of speculators the cost of raw cotton has been unnaturally forced up, while the price obtainable for yarns and piece-goods remains so low as to leave no margin for profit. We should like to feel assured that this contention is correct. If it is, it would be well to revive the old laws against forestalling. But we incline to believe that the speculator, though his machinations may cause temporary inconvenience, cannot do much mischief in the long run. It is more probably that there has been over-production on the part of the manufacturers, has been over-stoppage of their industry, cruel though it and, if so, partial stoppage of their industry, cruel though it may be, seems the only effectual remedy.

WESTERN AUSTRALIA.—"This will never do," said Lord Jeffrey in the most famous of his criticisms of Wordsworth. The like may be said of the Western Australia Constitution Bill, which on Tuesday was read a third time in the House of Lords. No one objects to the proposal that a self-governing Constitution should be granted to the people of Western Australia. It is true that the population consists of only about 43,000 Europeans, but they are perfectly able to look after their own interests, and the Empire as a whole loses nothing, and gains much, by the concession of the right of autonomy to young and enterprising communities. But the Bill which has found so much favour in the Upper House proposes to do very much more than confer on the Western Australians the power of managing their local affairs. The intention is that they shall have complete control over 500,000 square miles of territory, much of which has not yet been even explored. A more preposterous scheme has rarely been submitted to Parliament by any Government, and that is saying a good deal. In the Mother Country there is already a great surplus population, and it is as certain as anything of the kind can be that the pressure will by and by have to be largely relieved by emigration. Most of the land which was once at our disposal has been occupied, and it is simply reckless folly to think of handing over to a few thousand people a vast proportion of the possessions we still retain. In presenting these lands to the Western Australians, we might, of course, insist upon conditions about immigration; but the only way to make sure that they shall be of real service to us is to keep them, as they are at present, under Imperial control. And this will no doubt be done. It is incredible that the House of Commons will consent to the annexation of so gigantic a territory to a settlement, the European population of which, as Lord Beauchamp pointed out on Monday, is less than that of Worcester.

THE CENTRAL EMIGRATION SOCIETY.—It is satisfactory to know that this country possesses one organisation which attempts to deal with emigration on something like a settled plan. The Central Emigration Society, now in the sixth year of its useful existence, does no small amount of good work in a quiet way. But its power to cope with the growing over-population of these isles is altogether incommensurate with its will. All it can do is to direct the attention of the Government and local bodies to such means of facilitating emigration as present themselves from time to time. There is a good deal of rough machinery for the purpose already in existence, but its working is fitful and uncertain unless guided with intelligence and energy by some influential controlling authority. Here is the function which the society essays to discharge, and with so much success that we could well wish its power increased twenty-fold. But while making this acknowledgment, the stern fact remains that with a population increasing so rapidly as ours does, the gigantic work of keeping it down can only be effectually performed by the State. And why should not the State take it in hand? To take only one part of the Empire, there is room in Western Australia for the whole of our human surplus through a long course of years. And if pioneers were wanted to push on the outposts of civilisation into the interior, we have splendid material in our time-expired soldiers. Were the idea once taken up, a sort of colonisation school might be established in every large station, where the soldiers could obtain practical instruction in those industries which settlers in new countries find so useful. But in this matter, as in every other detail of emigration, nothing effectual will ever be done until the State recognises the obligation of trying to adjust population to the feeding capacity of territory.

FRANCE AND NEWFOUNDLAND.—Within the last few days questions have twice been asked in the House of Commons about the condition of this colony, and the official answer in each case has been that the fishing operations this season have been conducted without the occurrence of any serious difficulties. These replies totally disagree with the reports brought home by Newfoundland colonists, who state that the feeling in the settlement is daily growing stronger against the French fishermen, who are perpetually violating the rights which they enjoy under the Treaty of Utrecht. Not only have they put up permanent buildings at St. Pierre, where such buildings are forbidden by the Treaty, but they pull down the colonists' factories, tear up their nets, stretch

their own nets across the salmon rivers, and, it is asserted, attempt to outrage the settlers' wives and daughters, the husbands and brothers of these women, for venturing to defend their honour, being seized, tied up, and flogged. All this is given on the testimony of Dr. Howley, a Newfoundland clergyman, and may be read in the *Pall Mall Gazette* of July 12th. The account may be exaggerated, but we are afraid it is substantially true. At all events, the inhabitants are so disgusted with the apathy of the (so-called) mother-country, that they are seriously discussing the question of annexation to the United States. We may be sure of one thing. Uncle Sam would stand no nonsense from the French. They would have to toe the mark or clear out; and if Lord Salisbury is not "a lath painted to look like iron," he had better give M. Waddington a strong hint to the same effect. If we displayed towards big Powers some of the vigour with which we treat those wretched Soudan dervishes, we should be more respected as a nation, and not worse liked, than we now are.

ROYAL MARRIAGE NO. GRAPHIC

Will be issued on August 2nd, to commemorate the Marriage of
H.R.H. the PRINCESS LOUISE OF WALES
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The EARL OF FIFE.

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NOTICE.—With this Number is issued an EXTRA SUPPLEMENT, entitled "PICTURES OF THE YEAR, VI."—"THE NEW PRINCE FORTUNATUS," a new Serial Story by William Black, illustrated by William Small, begins in this number, and will be continued weekly until completion.



BRIGHTON THEATRE.—Sole Proprietress, Mrs. NYE CHART. —MONDAY, JULY 22, FUN ON THE BRISTOL.

BRITANNIA THEATRE.—Sole Proprietress—Mrs. S. LANE —EVERY EVENING, at Seven, FALSE LIGHTS. Special Engagement of Mr. Frederick Wright, jun., supported by the powerful company. VARIETIES—Arthur Corney, Nelly Mordecai, Edgar Granville. Concluding with HUNTING A TURTLE.

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KENILWORTH CASTLE	F. SLOCOMBE.
A MILL ON THE YARE	JOHN CROMB.
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THE VALE OF TEARS.—Doré's LAST GREAT PICTURE, completed a few days before he died. Now on view at the DORÉ GALLERY, 35, New Bond Street, with "CHRIST LEAVING THE PRÆTORIUM," and his other Great Pictures. From 10 to 6 Daily. One Shilling.

THE NEW GALLERY, Regent Street.—SUMMER EXHIBITION now open. 9 till 7. Admission One Shilling.

SUMMER HOLIDAYS.—Tours to West Coast and Fiords of Norway, quickest and cheapest route. The splendid new first-class Passenger Steamer "ST. SUNNIVA" leaves Leith and Aberdeen for a twelve days' cruise on 6th and 20th July, 3rd and 17th August, and from Leith direct for Hardanger Fiord, &c., on 31st August.

THE "ST. ROGNVALD" from Leith and Aberdeen on 13th and 27th July, 10th and 24th August.
Full particulars and Hand Book, 3d., may be had from J. A. CLINKSKILL, 102, Queen Victoria Street, E.C.; SEWELL and CROWTHER, 18, Cockspur Street, Charing Cross, S.W.; THOS. COOK and Son, Ludgate Circus, E.C.; and all Branch Offices, and GUTH and Co., 5, Waterloo Place, Pall Mall, S.W., and 25, Water Street, Liverpool.

PLEASURE CRUISE TO NORWAY.—The Orient Company will despatch their large full-powered steamship CHIMBORAZO, 3,877 tons register, 3,000 horse power, from London on the 21st August, calling at Leith on the 23rd August, for Lerwick, Trondhjem, Molde, Naes, Gudvangen, Bergen, Vik, Gothenburg, arriving in London on the 9th September. The steamer will be navigated through the Inner Lead, &c., inside the fringe of islands off the coast of Norway, thus securing smooth water. The CHIMBORAZO is fitted with the electric light, hot and cold baths, &c. Cuisine of the highest order. Managers, F. GREEN and CO., 13, Fenchurch Avenue, Anderson, Anderson, and Co., 6, Fenchurch Avenue, London, E.C. For further particulars apply to the latter firm, or to the West End Agents, Grindlay and Co., 35, Parliament Street, S.W.

SUMMER TOURS IN SCOTLAND, GLASGOW, and the HIGHLANDS.
(Royal Route via Crinan and the Caledonian Canals.)
The Royal Mail Steamer "COLUMBA," with passengers only, sails from GLASGOW DAILY at 7 a.m., from GREENOCK at 8.50 a.m., in connection with Express Trains from the South, for Oban, Port-William, Inverness, Lochawe, Skye, Gairloch, Staffa, Iona, Glencoe, Stornoway, &c. Official Guide, 3d.; Illustrated, 6d.
Time Bills with Map and Fares free from owner, DAVID MACBRAYNE, 119, Hope Street, Glasgow.

GOODWOOD RACES

July 30 and 31, and August 1 and 2.

ROYAL NAVAL REVIEW, AUGUST 3rd.

GENERAL ARRANGEMENTS.
SATURDAY, JULY 27th, and MONDAY, JULY 29th. SPECIAL FAST TRAINS from VICTORIA for Salisbury, Andover, Littlehampton, Bognor, Druridge, Chichester, Havant, Southampton, and Portsmouth (for the Isle of Wight).
SPECIAL TRAINS for SERVANTS, HORSES, and CARRIAGES only, will leave VICTORIA, SATURDAY, JULY 27th, at 7.45 a.m. and 6.30 p.m., and MONDAY, JULY 29th, at 6.40 a.m., 7.45 a.m., and 6.30 p.m.
Horses and Carriages for the above Stations will not be conveyed by any other Trains from Victoria on these days.

ON ALL FOUR DAYS OF THE RACES
A SPECIAL TRAIN (1st and 3rd Class) will leave Victoria 7.30 a.m., Kensington 7.5 a.m., London Bridge 7.30 a.m. Return Fares, 22s. 6d., 16s., and 10s. 10d.
A SPECIAL FAST TRAIN (1st and 3rd Class) will leave Victoria 9.0 a.m., Kensington 8.40 a.m., and London Bridge 9.5 a.m. Return Fares 26s. and 20s.
AN EXTRA SPECIAL FAST TRAIN (1st Class only) will leave Victoria 9.45 a.m. Return Fare, 30s.
FAST TRAINS, at Ordinary 1st and 3rd Class Fares, leave London for Portsmouth, Southsea, and the Isle of Wight every weekday as under:—
From Victoria 6.35 a.m., 10.30 a.m., 11.35 a.m., 1.45 p.m., 3.55 p.m., and 4.55 p.m., calling at Clapham Junction.
From Kensington (Addison Road) 6.5 a.m., 10.15 a.m., 11.15 a.m., 1.26 p.m., 3.41 p.m., and 4.44 p.m., calling at West Brompton.

From London Bridge 6.45 a.m., 10.45 a.m., 11.40 a.m., 1.50 p.m., 4.0 p.m., and 4.55 p.m.
On Saturday, August 3rd, there will be no connection between any of these Trains and Southsea, and no connection with the Isle of Wight after the first Train from London until the 4.55 p.m. from Victoria and London Bridge.
For the convenience of the General Public leaving London for the Review on the morning of Saturday, August 3rd, Extra Special Trains as required will leave Victoria 6.20 a.m., 7.50 a.m., and 10.30 a.m., and London Bridge 6.40 a.m., 7.50 a.m., and 10.25 a.m. for Portsmouth.
TICKETS may be obtained previously at the London Bridge and Victoria Stations; and at the West End General Offices, 28, Regent Circus, Piccadilly, and 8, Grand Hotel Buildings, Trafalgar Square, which offices will remain open till 10.0 p.m. on July 26th, 27th, 29th, 30th, and 1st, and August 1st.
(By Order) A. SARLE, Secretary and General Manager.



THE SHAH IN ENGLAND

See page 65.

FLOODS AT HONG KONG

ON May 29th and 30th, a terrific storm of thunder and rain took place at Hong Kong, doing a vast amount of injury to the colony. This enormous damage was rendered possible by the fact that the city of Victoria is built along the foot and the lower slopes of a precipitous mountain 1,800 feet high, which forms the island of Hong Kong. The rain fell in a steady heavy downpour, accompanied by thunder and lightning, and sometimes averaging two inches per hour. The streets became rivers, and the masses of water, finding no sufficient outlets in the drains, burst up the roadways. A tremendous landslide occurred in the road from the town to the "Peak," an important residential quarter during the hot season. The road was stopped, and about a hundred yards of the tramway running to the summit were carried away. The houses in Queen's Road, the principal business thoroughfare, were flooded, many of them were wrecked, and vast stocks of goods destroyed; the telegraph lines were washed away; the gas was put out by the destruction of one of the mains, and many persons were either drowned or killed by lightning. The streets and roads in the centre of the town were rendered impassable, they were torn up from below as well as from above, while in other places they were covered with sand and mud many feet deep. The total rainfall in the thirty-six hours was thirty inches—more than falls in London during a whole twelvemonth.—Our engravings are from sketches by Mr. Lionel C. Barff, of Hong Kong, who writes as follows:—"The Tytam Waterworks, which had only just been completed, were very much damaged, especially the Service Tank. The wall or dam of this tank originally could not be seen, as a very wide embankment supported it, but this has now been completely washed away by the overflowing of the Service Tank. It was the bursting of the sewer in Zeland Street (which is one of the steep thoroughfares leading down to the Queen's Road) which caused the torrent of water that dashed like a cataract into the Queen's Road, flooding the shops on the north side. Here, as shown in the engraving, Government coolies were employed in clearing a passage for the water to flow out by side streets into the sea, and also helped to prevent the water penetrating into the shops by boarding up the sides of the street."

"THE NEW PRINCE FORTUNATUS"

A NEW serial story, by William Black, illustrated by William Small, begins in this number.

THROUGH LONDON BY OMNIBUS, IV.

See page 72.

THE ROYAL SOCIETY

See page 75.

PARLIAMENTARY COMMITTEES

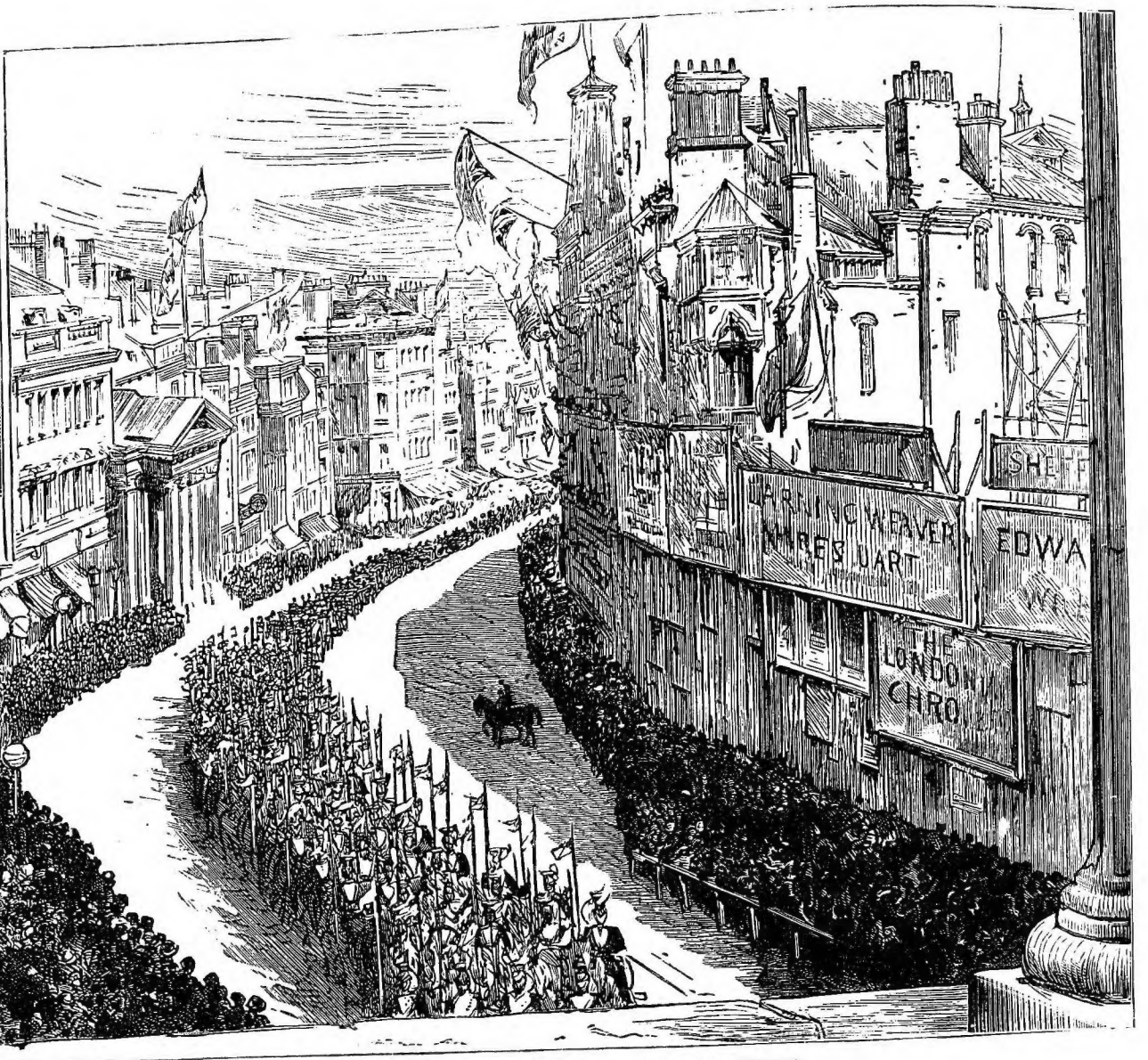
See pp. 78 et seqq.

PICTURES OF THE YEAR, VI.

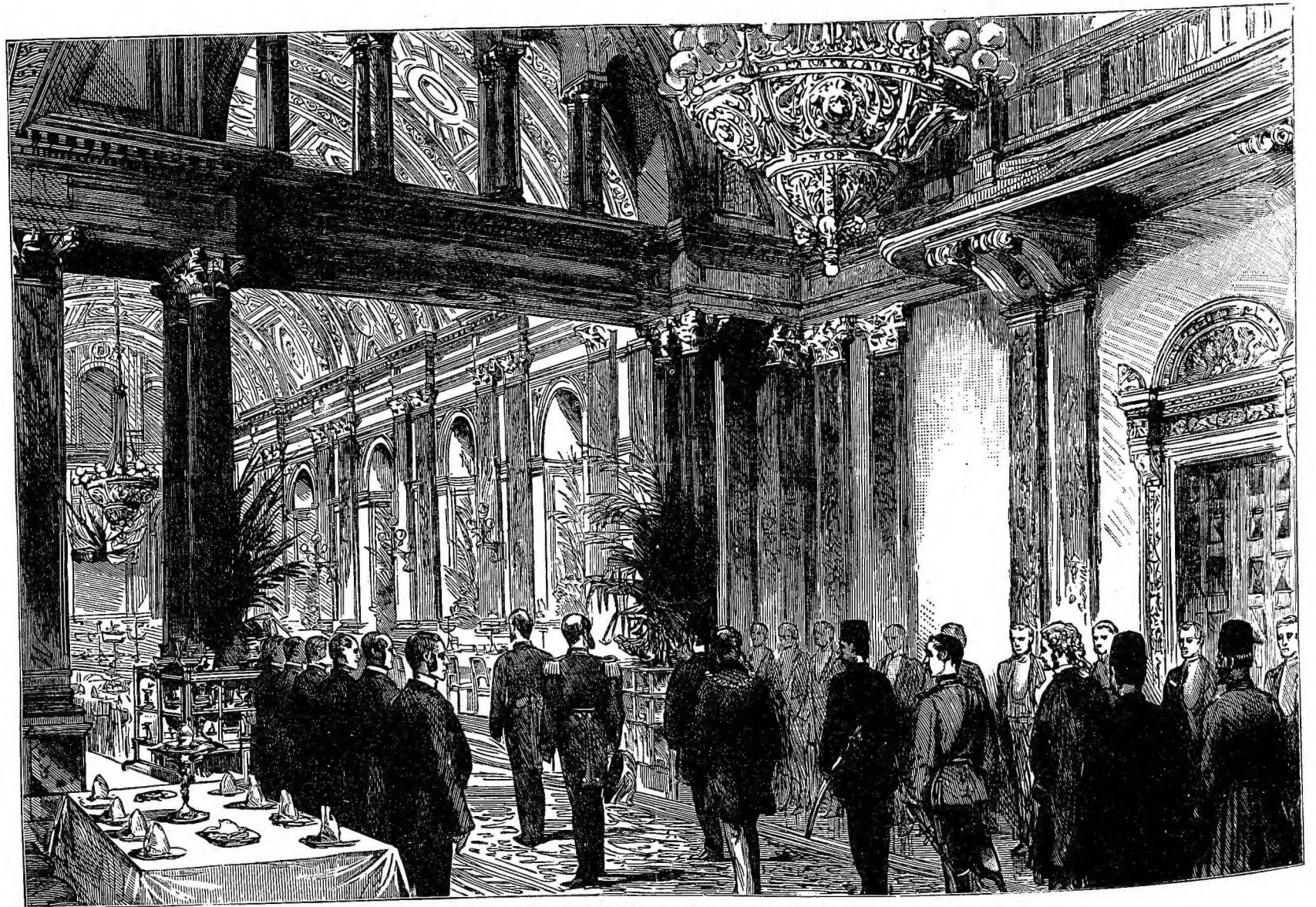
OF the eight engravings here presented only one is from the New Gallery, but that one is among the most noticeable of that choice and excellent collection, being Mr. J. S. Sargent's portrait of Miss Ellen Terry as Lady Macbeth. The picture has been amply criticised both in these columns and elsewhere, and we will merely say here that the painter has depicted Lady Macbeth in the act of putting the crown upon her head. Her face is pale as death, and her dress is a gorgeous combination of blue and green and gold, which is set against a background of brilliant blue. Our seven other specimens are from the Royal Academy Exhibition. Mr. Fred Morgan's "Wild Roses" is one of those pictures the sight of which acts like a tonic. Happy the man who can hang it where he can see it daily. Mr. C. H. Fox has transferred to canvas a very noticeable bit of suburban London landscape, namely, that group of sturdy Scotch firs near The Spaniards, whence on a clear day there is such a fine view over the Brent Reservoir and beyond.—One of the best portraits by Mr. W. W. Ouless, that distinguished portrait-painter, is that of Mr. John Loughborough Pearson, R.A., the architect of Truro Cathedral, and also of many other churches and country houses.—The Armada Tercentenary last year inspired several painters, among others Mr. J. Seymour Lucas, whose "Surrender" (representing Valdez yielding to Drake) is one of the few historical pictures on the Academy walls (would they were more numerous!), and Mr. Frank Bourdillon, who, in a picture entitled "On Bideford Sands" furnishes a spirited rendering of a scene from Kingsley's "Westward Ho!"—Both ladies and landscape are equally charming in Mr. Boughton's "Sisters," while Mr. Charlton, who knows how to draw a horse, furnishes a life-like incident from the famous Balacava Charge, where the riderless horses turned and charged abreast of Sir George Paget.



THE MAYOR OF BIRMINGHAM

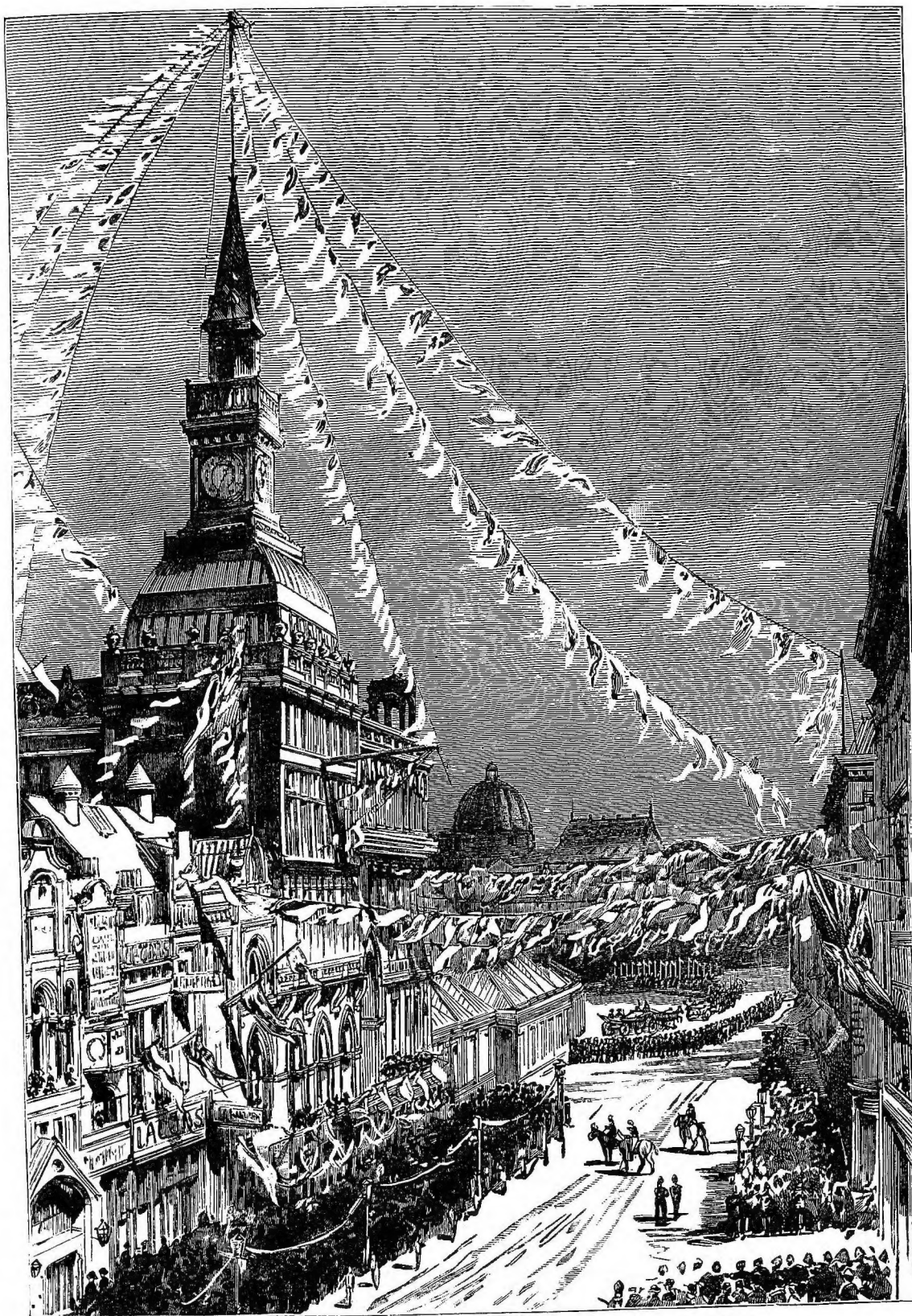


THE ARRIVAL OF THE SHAH IN BIRMINGHAM: THE PROCESSION PASSING ALONG NEW STREET



THE PROCESSION IN THE COUNCIL HOUSE, BIRMINGHAM

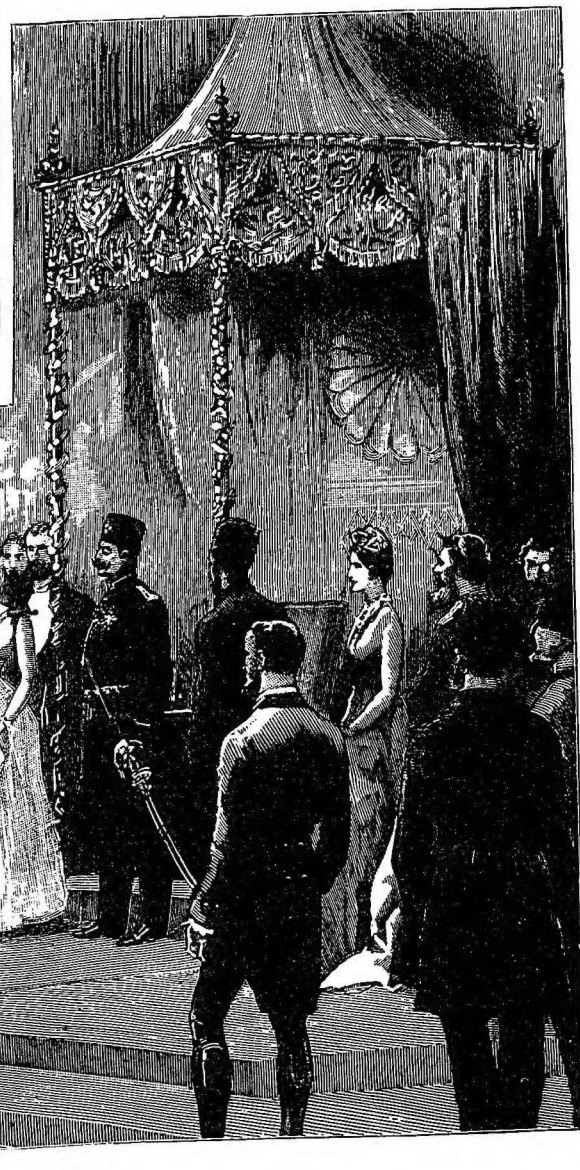
THE SHAH OF PERSIA IN ENGLAND



THE ARRIVAL OF THE SHAH IN LIVERPOOL: LEAVING CENTRAL STATION

THE SHAH IN ENGLAND

SINCE the close of our record of the Shah's doings last week His Imperial Majesty has been busily occupying himself touring round England, visiting the houses of "our old nobility," such as Hatfield and Ashridge, and the palaces of our new nobility, such as Waddesdon Manor, the modern French residence of Baron Rothschild. Driving from house to house, the Persian King has had delightful glimpses of English rural scenery of the pastoral kind; and from the rich pastures of Buckinghamshire he went direct to the smoke-laden cities of the busy Midlands. On Wednesday last he departed from the hospitable house of Baron Rothschild to visit Lord Windsor at Bromsgrove, and at one o'clock on Thursday his arrival was expected at Birmingham. For the first time, however, since his arrival in this country, the Shah failed to keep pace with the rush of engagements which have been made for him. A telegram was received by the Mayor of Birmingham from Sir H. Drummond Wolff saying that the Shah was so fatigued that he could not leave before 12 o'clock. There was much disappointment among the Birmingham folk, as some parts of the programme had necessarily to be curtailed. The town was gaily flagged, and thousands of persons occupied the line of route. The Shah visited the works of Messrs. Elkington and Co., and Messrs. F. and C. Osler, and as he also went to the Small Arms and Metal Company's Manufactory, he practically had a glimpse of all the manufactures which make Birmingham famous. Messrs. Ralph Heaton and Co. (now "The Mint, Birmingham, Limited") struck a pretty gold medal to celebrate the occasion. The Shah was entertained at luncheon by the Mayor, and received the inevitable address of welcome. At six o'clock he returned to Bromsgrove, and on the next day (Friday) he received a hearty welcome at Sheffield—the most cordial since leaving London. Driving first to the Corn Exchange, (a handsome building erected by the Duke of No. folk from the designs of Messrs. Hatfield and Son, architects, of Sheffield) the Shah there received an address on behalf of the Mayor and Corporation. A very large audience had assembled, and the Shah was loudly cheered as he replied to the address through an interpreter. On leaving the Corn Exchange, the Royal party drove to the Atlas Steel and Iron Works of Messrs. John Brown and Co. (Limited), where they saw sights well calculated to amaze them. Luncheon was first served in the Board Room, and then the party adjourned to "the shops." Here, in the press shop, they saw a steel ingot weighing 52 tons forged under the large hydraulic forging press, probably the most stupendous tool of the kind in existence. By this wonderful machine, which is used for large forgings of steel, such as guns, propeller shafts, etc., a pressure of 4000 tons can be exerted fifteen times a minute by the expenditure of manual power on the regulating lever of only six pounds. All the motions of this press are controlled by four levers under the charge of one man. The ingot which the Shah saw forged was fifty-two inches in diameter before being submitted to pressure, and it is destined to form the propeller shaft of H.M.S. *Blenheim*, the most heavily-engined ship in the Navy. In the Bessemer department the Royal party saw the operation of purifying ten tons of steel in a converter, and in the armour plate mills some time was spent in witnessing the



THE BALL AT THE CUTLERS' HALL, SHEFFIELD

THE SHAH OF PERSIA IN ENGLAND

rolling of a monstrous armour-plate for H.M.S. *Renown*. Surfeited with wonderful sights, the Shah returned in the evening to the residence of the Duke of Norfolk (whose guest he was during his stay in Sheffield), and later he was present at a brilliant ball given by the Master and Mistress Cutler (Mr. and Mrs. S. E. Howell) at the Cutlers' Hall. On Saturday morning the Shah visited some of the



SIR HENRY STEPHENSON
Ex-Mayor of Sheffield

other famous Sheffield factories, and later in the day went to Liverpool, where he stayed at Newshaw House, Newshaw Park, a handsome residence used by the Corporation for the reception of distinguished visitors. The Mayor's banquet in the Town Hall was the chief event of Saturday. The speeches were, at the Shah's request, extremely brief. Prince Malcolm Khan made an excellent short speech, saying that the Shah was pleased to be the first Asiatic



MR. W. J. CLEGG
Mayor of Sheffield

sovereign to visit Liverpool, that the object of his visit to England was that he might see and learn, and that the result of his observations would tend to the progress of civilisation in Asia. On Sunday the Shah drove to Eaton Hall, where he was entertained by the Duke of Westminster. Some of the Duke's horses, notably Bend Or and Ormoude, were produced for His Majesty's inspection.



MR. S. E. HOWELL
Master Cutler, Sheffield

The inspection of the Alexandra Docks, where the Cunard liner *Umbria* lay, was the chief item in Monday morning's programme, and about five in the evening the Shah arrived at Manchester, where he was banquetted in the evening at the Town Hall, Mr. Justice Stephens and Mr. Justice Grantham being of the company.

"SCHOOL REVISITED"

The visit of an *Exmouth* boy to the ship in which he was trained and educated is an event enjoyed both by the Captain and the boys on board, particularly, as in this case, when the boy has distinguished himself and gained several medals. Since the Institution was started in 1876, the ship, under the able command of Captain W. S. Bourchier, R.N., has done most useful work, preparing the

pauper boys of London for the Navy, Army bands, and the merchant ships. Over 1,000 *Exmouth* boys are in the Royal Navy at the present time, and about 500 are musicians in the Army.

The Metropolitan Asylums Board, under whose management the ship is, is to be very much complimented on the results; 4,000 boys having been educated and trained to earn their own living. During the long evenings of the winter months the boys amuse themselves with games and dancing between decks, but it is much to be regretted that the Metropolitan Asylums Board do not see their way to allow some money to be spent to relieve the dull monotony of the strict routine which is so necessary on board a training ship.

Attached to the ship is a brigantine, a vessel of about 100 tons burden, in which the boys take trips to sea, and in which they are taught the practical seamanship which is so necessary to them when they join the sea service.



POLITICAL.—The Prime Minister made, on Tuesday, to an East End Conservative gathering in the Mile End Road, a speech understood to be the first of a series which he intends to deliver to the various Conservative organisations of the metropolis. While congratulating these on their great success in London he entreated them not to be tempted to take things easy. Referring to the Sugar Bounties, he showed the absurdity of charging the Government with having raised the price of sugar by a treaty which would not come into operation for two years. Touching slightly on Foreign Affairs, Lord Salisbury remarked that the best way for us to keep up peace and good-will with all the world was to be so thoroughly armed that we need not be afraid of anybody. After pointing out the reciprocal benefits resulting to the Mother Country and the Colonies from their connection, the latter gaining from it naval protection, the former an outlet for its population and trade, Lord Salisbury adverted to the Irish question, though people, he said, were getting exceedingly tired of it, observing that, as a matter of fact, the tendency in our days was to con-olidate, and if we granted Home Rule to Ireland we should be going against the stream of the times and the destiny of nations. Subsequently the Prime Minister opened a Constitutional Club. Beaumont Hall, Commercial Road, a local Constitutional Club. A keen contest is being waged for the seat in East Marylebone, vacant through the resignation of Lord Charles Beresford. The candidates are Mr. Boulnois (C), who for a quarter of a century has been prominent locally as chairman of the Board of Guardians and of the district bench of magistrates, &c., and Mr. G. Leveson-Gower (G). At the last General Election, Lord Charles Beresford defeated the Radical, Professor Beesly, by a majority of 1,485, and on accepting office, July 1886, was returned unopposed. The result of the contest will not be generally known until to-day.

THE VOLUNTEERS.—At the finish the competition for the Queen's Prize was very close between Major Pearce, 4th Devon, who won the Gold Medal in 1875, and Sergeant Reid, of the 4th Lanark Engineers, hitherto only known to fame by carrying off the Scottish Twenty Club Championship at Darnley. The Scotchman won by only one point, having scored a grand total of 281 to Major Pearce's 280. The victor received the usual ovation. He is said to have been brought up as an optician, and to be now employed in the Electrical Department of the Glasgow Post Office. Report adds that he is both a total abstainer and a non-smoker. Major Pearce is also said to be a total abstainer.—Among the Prince of Wales's prizes, his Badge with 100l. has been won by Private Hayhurst, 1st V.B. Royal Lancashire.—The National Challenge Trophy, which was won by Scotland last year, has fallen to England this year with a score of 1,748, followed by Scotland with one of 1,707, Wales scoring 1,681, and Ireland 1,578.—The first Mullens Prize of 100l. has been gained by the 1st V.B. North Lancashire.—At the first meeting on Tuesday of the Mansion House Committee of the Patriotic Volunteer Fund, the Lord Mayor announced that it already amounted to 37,657l., nearly 20,000l. of which had been given by the Corporation and the City Companies. It was decided to hold a public meeting on the subject at the Mansion House on July 30th at three o'clock.—Some well-known Metropolitan Volunteers, and others connected with the Middlesex Rifle Association, have acquired, in order to lay out on it a rifle range worthy of the metropolis, the land, near Staines, which was suggested last year as a suitable site for a New Wimbledon.

IRELAND.—Mr. T. Healy, presiding at the fortnightly meeting of the National League in Dublin on Tuesday, made what was, even for him, a very offensive address, in which he spoke insolently of Sir James Hannen, whom he charged with impertinence. As regards the new Tenants' Defence League, he threw some light on the contemplated strategy of its founders, by asserting that the question of its legality or illegality had never troubled him, and never would trouble him.

AN ORDER IN COUNCIL directs the muzzling of all dogs in the City of London and in the area included within the Metropolitan Police district, an exception being made in favour of sporting dogs and dogs used for the extermination of vermin.—At the meeting of the London County Council on Tuesday they resolved to stand upon their dignity in regard to the preceding order, and to an application from the Chief Commissioner of Police asking what regulations they intended to frame for carrying out. As obedience to the order is to be enforced by the police, over whom the Council have no control, it was agreed, at the instance of Lord Rosebery, that letters should be sent to the Privy Council and the Police Commissioner informing them that the Council declined responsibility for regulations which they could not enforce.

THE STREET COLLECTION on Hospital Saturday, so far as was ascertained at the middle of the week, amounted to 1,962l., against 1,895l. last year. It is expected that the entire collection will have realised at least 5,000l., against 4,800l. last year.

OUR OBITUARY includes the death, in her eighty-seventh year, of the Dowager Countess of Pomfret; in her sixtieth year, of the Lady Mary Windsor Clive; in his eighty-fourth year, of Sir James Allanson Picton, a prominent member of the Liverpool Corporation, to whom the establishment of the Free Library in that city was largely due, who wrote, among other works, the excellent "Memorials of Liverpool," and whose eldest son, Mr. J. A. Picton, is M.P. for Leicester; in his sixty-fifth year, of Dr. Charles Elam, the eminent physician of Harley Street, author of many medical and scientific works; in his sixty-first year, of Deputy Surgeon-General Francis Day, formerly Inspector-General of the Fisheries of India, author of a number of publications relating to Indian pisciculture, and also of an elaborate work on "The Fishes of Great Britain and Ireland" (1880-33); in his ninety-second year, of the Rev. George Kirkpatrick, formerly Rector of Craigs, the oldest clergyman of the Protestant Church of Ireland; and of Miss E. M. Busk, second daughter of the late George Busk, F.R.S., of Harley Street. Miss Busk was well known as a most successful and rising portrait painter. Her work in last year's Academy, and the admirable likeness of Lord Selborne in this, attracted much attention.



THE undying interest which the House of Commons has for the ordinary Briton is testified to night after night by the patient attendance in the Strangers' Gallery, and the competition for perches in the ladies' cage. And yet those who just now are fortunate enough to obtain admission must arrive at the conclusion that Parliamentary debate is a sorry business. At question time there is some show of liveliness, though the baiting of Mr. Balfour has temporarily ceased to be a standing dish. For the week now under review, the Irish members have been conspicuously absent. The Votes in Supply, with which they are specially concerned, have been postponed from time to time, and till they are brought on the Irish members stop away.

This in itself, as the student of Parliamentary affairs will be aware, is a new departure. There was a time when the Irish members, determined that no business should be done, spread themselves all over the place. They brought in innumerable Bills of their own and blocked everybody else's. They were told off in well-ordered relays to talk against measures or motions whichever might come before the House. They were ready for coalition with any member or any section of a Party who would assist them in obstructing business. This state of affairs, which had its birth in the Parliament of 1874, prevailed through the Parliament of 1880. With their admission to formal alliance with one of the great English Political Parties, the Irish members put on new manners, abjured sack, lived cleanly, and have become amenable to all the better influences that guide a public assembly.

Mr. Biggar, who used to be the leading exponent of the lawlessness of the Irish members, is now, in the altered circumstances of the day, becoming the type of their perfected respectability. The member for Cavan has come to be most touching in his deference to the Speaker, and most outspoken in his approval of Mr. Courtney in the Chair. He has, withal, assumed a judicial air and a weighty manner of speaking that delights his old acquaintances. New members, looking upon him as he sits portentously wise or stands supremely persuasive, come to the conclusion that the old stories of his "goings on" must have been grossly exaggerated.

On Monday Mr. Biggar appeared in the character of a British statesman, rising above all local considerations, and guiding his action solely by consideration of the loftiest principles of the science of government as applied to practical politics. The occasion was a stage of the Bann Drainage Bill, proposing to apply to the furtherance of the work certain sums of money to be drawn from the National Exchequer. This was a bribe that the Irish Party found irresistible. The fact that it was proffered by Mr. Balfour increased their embarrassment. Bound in any circumstances to "go agin' the Government," the duty was absolutely imperative when the particular proposal of the Ministry was advocated by the Chief Secretary for Ireland. But if they successfully opposed the Bann Drainage Bill, the first instalment of a contribution to a million and a half sterling, would be withheld, and estimated at a million and a half sterling, would be withheld, and what would their constituents say? Mr. Sexton, and others of the Irish Party who chanced to be in the house when the division was called, avoided the difficulty by running away. They dare not vote against the proffered boon, and they would not go into the vote against the proffered boon. But Mr. Biggar, with a soul above such subterfuges, stood out stern and implacable. It is just possible that he may the more fully have enjoyed his position, having the assurance that he was absolutely impotent to prevent the stage of the Bill being agreed to. To have the satisfaction of opposing the Government and, at the same time, to get the money for Irish works, this was a combination of good fortune rarely attainable. But it fell to Mr. Biggar's lot, and with it the rare distinction of leading into the lobby Mr. Gladstone, and the full muster of the Liberal party. The Bill was carried by a substantial majority of 153 against 95, and thus Mr. Biggar's satisfaction was undimmed by untoward accident. He had flouted the Government, and Ireland would have the money all the same.

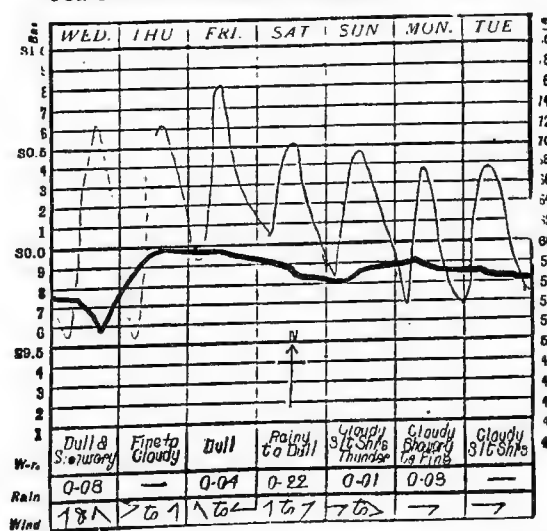
The Scotch Local Government Bills finally passed through Committee at midnight on Tuesday, leaving Wednesday available for the making progress with the Scotch University Bill. Though the process of legislation upon these measures has not been attractive from the Strangers' Gallery point of view, it has been highly creditable to the debating power and business capacity of the Scotch members. To them the labour has been left with an exclusiveness that has partially realised Home Rule. Where incompleteness of the arrangement has manifested itself has been in the division lobby. The Scotch members have, hour after hour, debated some abstruse point of local importance. When speech has been exhausted, and the Government have proved obstinate, the division bell has rung, and from all the more cheerful parts of the House have trooped in English, Welsh, and Irish members who have voted according as the recognised leaders of their party have walked into one Lobby or the other.

At one sitting a little incident occurred, which brings into strong light the way in which divisions are sometimes taken. In the division lobbies on either side there are recesses furnished with writing-tables conveniently lighted. At one of these Mr. Gladstone is accustomed to improve the shining hours and lose no moments of a long life. When in office, and having his nightly letter to the Queen to produce, he is accustomed to carry it about with him during the divisions, getting early into the lobby, sitting down at the table, and writing away whilst the crowd slowly passes through, he bringing up the rear with his task so much advanced. Out of office he writes his private letters and post-cards in the same way. The example has spread, and five members, desirous of adding to the record of their votes through the Session, and not willing to waste time by sitting through a debate, had taken their seats in the division lobby through which they knew their friends were passing, destined to pour as soon as argument was exhausted, and passed the bell rang, and the Commons pressed into the lobby and passed out at the wicket end where the clerks stand to mark off the names. The five members, delaying too long to join in the stream, found when they approached the wicket that the clerks had gone, and that the division list was closed. Amid much laughter they were brought up one by one before the Chair, and having declared their intention of voting upon a question they had not heard debated, their names were formally added to the list.

The passing of the Scotch Local Government Bill through the Committee stage marks an important advance in the work that must necessarily be done before the University Bill to be taken on Wednesday, Thursday being given up to discussion on the second reading of the Tithes Bill. In ordinary circumstances the way would now be clear for the final winding-up, and a few weeks might be looked for in that ordinarily early time which a few weeks back seemed assured. But the necessity of making provision for two grandchildren of the Queen threatens to upset all arrangements. One of the first consequences is to postpone the Irish Votes, which stood over till Monday. That day, it has now been arranged, shall be appropriated for discussion of the Ministerial proposals with respect to Prince Albert Victor and the Princess Louise of Wales. The Radicals do not conceal their intention of fighting the proposal

LONDON MORTALITY increased further last week. The deaths numbered 1,606, against 1,350 during the previous seven days, being a rise of 256, although 109 below the average, while the death-rate went up to 19·3 per 1,000. The advance most affected the fatalities from diarrhoea and dysentery, which reached 258 (a rise of 103), besides 10 from cholera and choleraic diarrhoea. There were 30 deaths from measles (a decline of 1), 26 from whooping-cough (a fall of 8), 25 from diphtheria (a decrease of 13), 9 from scarlet fever, 8 from enteric fever (both numbers similar to last week), and 2 from ill-defined forms of continued fever. The births declined to 2,306—433 below the usual return.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING TUESDAY, JULY 16, 1889.



Midlands rose to 76°. In London the barometer was highest (29.99 inches) on Thursday and Friday (11th and 12th inst.); lowest (29.8 inches) on Wednesday and Sunday (10th and 14th inst.); range 0.18 inch. The temperature was highest (76°) on Friday (12th inst.); lowest (51°) on Thursday (11th inst.); range 25°. Rain fell on five days. Total fall 0.38 inch. Greatest fall on any one day 0.22 inch on Saturday (13th inst.)

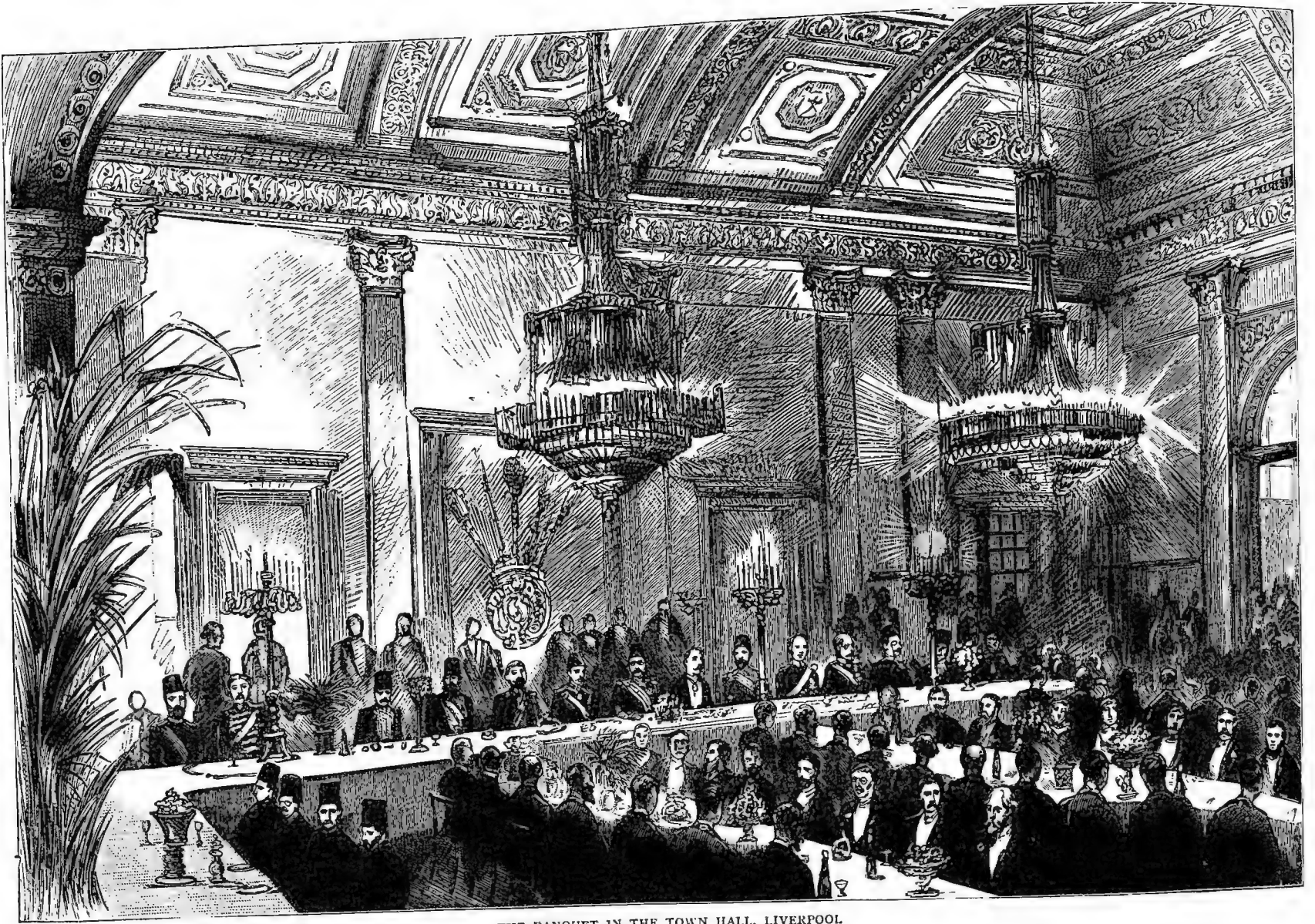
"DIE MEISTERSINGER" IN ITALIAN.—It was rather a perilous experiment to produce Wagner's comic and essentially German opera *Die Meistersinger*, at Covent Garden, on Saturday in the Italian language, with a mixed company of artists of all nations, under an Italian conductor, and, above all, in a more lengthy form than even Dr. Richter himself had ventured to submit. The opera on Saturday began an hour earlier than usual, and it lasted from half-past seven in the evening till nearly half-an-hour after midnight. The work, however, came out far better than was anticipated. The performance by the orchestra, it was true, was not remarkable for that nice observance of the *nuances* and a perfection as to detail of light and shade which *habitués* of the Richter concerts, for example, expect. But, on the other hand, the artists were far superior to any who have hitherto sung in this, one of the most advanced of Wagner's music dramas. M. Jean De Reszké is indisputably the leading operatic tenor of the present day, and, although in *Die Meistersinger* he has few opportunities of showing his merits as an actor, yet he gave to the part of the Franciscan Knight, Walthar, a reading which was at once poetic and picturesque, while he sang the trial and prize songs, the duet in the second act and other portions, in a manner beyond reproach. No less excellent was the Eva of Madame Albani. The Hans Sachs of M. Lassalle was in every respect admirable. He seems entirely to have grasped the spirit of the good-hearted tumbler-poet, and, although, in comparison with Eva, he was "made

Harry Williams.

NOTES.—Signor Faccio and Signor Bevnigani have been engaged by M. Mayer as conductors of his Italian Opera season next year, which will probably take place at Her Majesty's Theatre.

—The death is announced, from an accident sustained at the Military Tournament recently held at the Agricultural Hall, of Herr Carl Zoeller, the Bandmaster of the Second Life Guards. The deceased was born at Berlin, in 1840. He was, however, chiefly distinguished for his championship of that once obsolete, but now recently revived, instrument, the viola d'amore, upon which he was a most accomplished performer.—The Carl Rosa Company, during their forthcoming tour, will produce an English version of *Romeo et Juliette*, and will play it at Drury Lane in the spring. They also intend to produce, during the season, *The Rose of Castille*, *Lurline*, Verdi's *Aida*, and Bizet's *Pearl Fishers*, of course all in English. The company will be strengthened by the addition of Madame Tremelli, and MM. Winogradov and Abramoff from the Italian opera troupe.—It is stated that Signor Tamagno receives, at the Lyceum Theatre, no less than 6,000 francs, or 240*l.* per night. He will not return to London next year, as he is engaged for South America in the summer.

DR. FAIRBAIRN, the Principal of Mansfield College (Congregational), Oxford, in a statement just issued by him, says that during the past year alone five University Scholarships or prizes have fallen to men studying at Mansfield, and of these five four were in the field of Theology.



THE BANQUET IN THE TOWN HALL, LIVERPOOL.
THE SHAH OF PERSIA IN ENGLAND

OVERFLOWING OF THE SERVICE TANK OF THE TYTAM WATERWORKS AFTER THE STORM

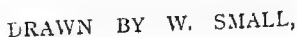


THE DRAIN BURSTING IN ZETLAND STREET



QUEEN'S ROAD FLOODED

THE RECENT DISASTROUS FLOODS AT HONG KONG



"THE NEW PRINCE FORTUNATUS"

BY WILLIAM
AUTHOR OF "A PRINCESS OF THULE," "MACLEOD OF DARE," &C.

"My sisters are at the Mellords' to-night," said she, as she accompanied him along the corridor and up the steps and through the now almost deserted wings. "They were dining there, and

*Touchsafe, sweet Maid, to hear a wretched Swain,
Who lost in Wonder, hugs the pleasing Chain :
For you in Sighs I hail the rising Day ;
To you at Eve I sing the lovesick Lay :
Then take my Love, my Homage as your due,
The Devil's in her, if all this won't do.* [Aside.

DAMON. *From Flow'r to Flow'r his Joy to change
Flits yonder wanton Bee ;
From Fair to Fair thus will I range,
And I'll be ever free.
From Fair to Fair thus will I range,
And I'll be ever free.*

PASTORA. *You litt'e Birds attent'ive view,
That hop from Tree to Tree;
I'll copy them, I'll copy you,
For I'll be ever free.*

DUETTO. *Then let's divide to East and West,
Since we shall ne'er agree ;
An try who keeps their Promise best
And who's the longest free.
Let's try who keeps their Promise best
And who's the longest free.*

And again the audience made bold to clap their hands; for Miss Georgie Lestrange, despite her self-depreciation, sang very well indeed; and of course Lionel Moore knew how to moderate his voice, so that the combination was entirely pleasing. The further progress of the little comedy needs not to be described here; it has only to be said that the injured *Laura* is in the end restored to her repentant lover; and that a final duet between her and *Damon* closes the piece with the most praiseworthy sentiments—

*For their Honour and Faith be our Virgins renown'd,
Nor false to his Vows one young Shepherd be found;
Be their Moments all guided by Virtue and Truth,
To preserve in their Age what they gain'd in their Youth,
To preserve in their Age what they gain'd in their Youth.*

Lord Rockminster rose from his chair, stretched his long legs, and threw away his cigarette.

"This is the first time I ever saw Rockminster sit out a morning performance," observed Percy Lestrange, with a playful grin.

"As for you young things," the mistress of the house said to her girl-guests, as they were all trooping in by the French windows again, "you must hurry home and get indoors before the servants are up. I don't want this frolic to be talked about all over the town."

"A frolic, indeed!" Miss Georgie protested, as her brother was putting her cloak round her shoulders. "I don't call it a frolic at all. I call it very serious business; and I'm looking forward to winning the deepest gratitude of the English public—or at least as much of the English public as you can cram into your garden, my dear."

Then as soon as the light wraps and dust-coats had been distributed and donned, the members of the gay little party said good-bye to Lady Adela in the front hall, and went down the carriage sweep to the gate. Here there was a division; for the Lestranges were going north by Holland Lane to Notting Hill; while Lord Rockminster and his two sisters, making for Palace Gardens Terrace, walked with Lionel Moore only as far as Campden Hill Road; thereafter he pursued his journey to Piccadilly alone.

hill Road: thereafter he pursued his journey to Piccadilly and even now London was not fully awake, though the sun was touching the topmost branches of the trees, and here and there a high window, struck by the level rays, flashed back a gleam of gold. In this neighbourhood the thoroughfares were quite deserted; silence reigned over those sleeping houses; the air was sweet and cool; now and again a stirring of wind brought a scent of summer-blossom from within the garden-enclosures. It is true that when he got down into Kensington Road he found a long procession of wagons slowly making their way into the great city; but this dull, drowsy noise was not ungrateful; in much content and idly he walked away eastward, looking in from time to time at the beautiful greensward of Kensington Gardens and Hyde Park. He was in no hurry. He liked the stillness, the gracious coolness and quietude of the morning, after the hot and feverish nights at the theatre. When at length he reached his lodging in Piccadilly, let himself in with his latchkey, and went upstairs to his rooms, he did not go to bed at once. He drew an easy-chair to the front window, threw himself into it, lit a cigarette, and stared absently across to the branching elms and grassy undulations of the Green Park. Perhaps he was thinking of the pretty, fantastic little comedy that had just been performed up at that garden at Campden Hill—like some dream-picture out of Boccaccio. And if he chanced to recall the fact that the actor who originally played the part of *Damon*, at Drury Lane, some hundred and forty years ago, married in real life an Earl's daughter, that was but a passing fancy. Of Lord Fareborough's three daughters, it was neither Lady Sybil nor Lady Rosamund, it was the married sister, Lady Adela Cunyngham, who had constituted herself his particular friend.

(To be continued)



BEING Mr. Thiselton Dyer's, "Great Men at Play" (Remington) is admirably done; but ought not Mr. Dyer to be at better work? Is it his play—the play of one who is an authority on plant-lore and kindred subjects—to wrap himself in Dr. Doran's mantle? *Pollitatus meliora*, we say, as we read how Lord Tenterden never mounted a horse in his life, alleging, "My father was too poor to keep one, and I was too proud ever to earn sixpence by holding the horse of another," while Lord Eldon did all his courting on horseback, meeting Bessie Surtees on the Shields road, and bribing her old groom to secrecy; how Pope preferred a street-organ to Handel's oratorios; while Gainsborough was so fond of the violin that he said to Colonel Hamilton, tears of rapture rolling down his cheeks, "Go on, and I'll give you the picture of 'The Boy at the Stile;' which you've so often wished to buy of me." Mr. Dyer does not always escape twaddle, as when he tells us that T. Assheton Smith's scarlet dinner-coat was lined with white silk; who could, when he has to fill two volumes with things new and old? But his stories

are generally racy, and many of them will be new to most readers. Of course there are slips. Thus, if Dr. Samuel Clarke said: "Boys, be wise; here comes a fool," when interrupted at leapfrog over the chairs, he was but repeating what Henry IV. of France remarked when the Spanish Ambassador was announced. We should like to know who stigmatised bowls as "a childish game;" and we would fain have been in Gunter's boots when, having answered Lord Alanvley's praise of his horse with, "Yes, my lord, but he's so hot I can't hold him," that model nobleman replied, "Why the devil don't you ice him, then?" "Gunter did not relish the suggestion," remarks Mr. Dyer; Lord Alanvley would not have relished our way of noticing it. If Lord Alanvley said the most gratuitously-insulting thing that Mr. Dyer records, the best (*ben trovato*, we fear) was said by Damiens' executioner when Selwyn was forcing his way to the front, "Faites place pour monsieur. C'est un Anglais et un amateur." The clever retort to the judge who told a witness: "Hold up your head, sir. Can't you look as I do?" "Nay, for you squint," is an old friend in a new dress.

Sargeant Robinson naturally confines himself to lawyers ; but, as they have a well-earned title to be the most amusing of men, "Bench and Bar" (Hurst and Blackett) is in its own limits just as lively as Mr. Dyer's more comprehensive book. By dubbing himself "one of the last of an old race," Mr. Robinson hints that, like Irish humour, lawyers' wit is not what it was. Certain it is that the present race must look about them if they would keep up to the standard *temporis acti*, when "the tribunal of the Bar-mess was supreme, and the unwritten law of the Bar was cheerfully obeyed, and gaining notoriety was not looked on as the same thing as obtaining distinction." The Sargeant is deservedly severe on the *Town*, the *Satirist*, and such like papers, whose lubricity, he fears, is likely nowadays to be reproduced ; but is he right in classing Alderman Harmer's *Weekly Dispatch* among them ? It was the *Reynolds* of those days, that is all. On every page Mr. Robinson has something good. Deaf Sir W. Maule telling a mumbling witness : "If you don't speak louder, I shall teach you the difference between *aloud* and *disallowed*;" the same judge retorting on one who said : "I have been wedded to truth from my infancy," "Yes ; but the question is how long you've been a widower ;" Charnock and the "umbrella case ;" Edwin James saying to Lord Campbell : "I will retire, and no longer trespass on your lordship's impatience"—Of this kind of thing one cannot have too much. But the book is not all cakes and ale ; there is a kindly word for good Joseph Payne, Assistant-Judge, Ragged School founder, and verse-writer ; there is also Maule's celebrated bigamy sentence, to which the Divorce Court is said to owe its existence.

the Divorce Court is said to owe its existence.

Everybody thinks he or she can take a Sunday School class; therefore everybody should read Rev. Kingsmill Moore's "Fundamental Principles" (London, Sunday School Institute; Dublin, Church of Ireland Educational Repository). Besides marking the difference between instructing and educating, Mr. Moore illustrates in simple style what sensation, perception, and conception are. We can hardly believe, despite England's colossal ignorance of Ireland in "the English lady who expected the Irish rivers to run uphill."

"Will You Be Confirmed?" (Smith and Innes) seems peremptory; but Mr. J. Palmer gives reasons for asking the question. In "The Sin of Doing Nothing" (Smith and Innes), he forcibly appeals to the growing class who take no share in Church work.

Mr. G. M. Robinson, in his "Essays Towards a Critical Method" (Fisher Unwin), would have us give due heed to "towards." Indeed the ordinary dictum, "every man his own critic," is supported by such a manifest difference between doctors as that, for instance, between Mr. Myers (in the March *Nineteenth Century*) on "Tennyson as Prophet" and "The Art of Tennyson" in these essays. The Laureate, thinks Mr. Robinson, has written himself out. He takes to padding. "In all of us there is or was a poet whom the man survives, and the flower of his summer-nourished brain or vernal blood has found its fulfilment like every other cosmic energy." Some of us had forgotten that Coleridge, in 1832, was as hard on Tennyson ("the misfortune is, that he has begun to write verses without very well understanding what metre is") as is Mr. Swinburne when he complains that "there are whole poems of Lord Tennyson's first period which are no more properly to be called metrical than the more shapeless parts of Walt Whitman."

The Laureate's chief offence in Mr. Robinson's eyes is his title; "The ermine of the peer will trail its ceremonious length below the seer's exiguous mantle." Many will be grateful for our author's careful paper on Mr. Howells' novels. Throughout, indeed, his is a book to make one think; though phrases like "critics in a conspiracy of silence as to the popular mythology" are surely worse than needless.

Mr. J. H. St. John's "Francis Bacon" (Blackwood), a

Part I. of Professor Nichol's "Francis Bacon" (Blackwood), a valuable addition to the "Philosophical Classics for English Readers," deals with the life. Part II. will deal with the philosophy, against which Kuno Fischer was biased through accepting the judgment of Macaulay and Dr. Abbott on the life. Professor Nichol aims at being just. If Mr. Spedding is "bent on believing the best," even Dean Church and De Rémusat have believed the worst; "it is so easy to falsify facts by dwelling on the worst lights thrown on them." Dr. Nichol forgets, when he says (p. 50) "Essex consented to propose a peace on terms which amounted to a grant of all the proposed objects of the rebellion," that Tyrone was hounded into revolt by the unspeakable cruelties wreaked on his people and his clergy. Essex who, when he met Tyrone, recognised in him a man of his own chivalrous nature, may have thought that the burning of Archbishop O'Hurley would have disgraced savages. He may, too, have wished to atone for the shameless treacheries of his father. Dr. Abbott, who should know, pronounces Tyrone's conditions a forgery. Anyhow, Bacon is self-condemned. No special pleading can whitewash the man who could go shares in the bribes whereby the meaner of Essex's followers saved their lives. Mr. Nichol's does all that man can for him, but it is not much.

Mr. J. Fordyce's "Aspects of Scepticism" (Elliot Stock) has reached a second edition. A large order came in from Australia, where Dr. Dale found (as we lately noticed) that "Supernatural Religion" is getting out of date. We are glad Mr. Fordyce recognises the mischief done by apologists ("Christians are responsible for many of the opinions of Scepticism"). Does not he himself err in this way when (page 265) he makes so light of the call "to be moral for the sake of posterity?" It is divinely true that "Christianity lays hold of the weak and sinful, and lifts them up to purity and strength of purpose;" but no good is done to the sceptic by insisting, in spite of his protests, that his creed is but "the gospel of enlightened selfishness;" while to say with Professor Wace: "The final answer to all objections against belief in God is that the Lord Jesus lived and died in it," certainly does not prove the truth of Christianity in the popular sense. We are curious to know how Mr. Fordyce's book will be received by the Antipodals. Will they, for instance, agree with Mr. Fordyce (page 178) in identifying "Mr. Spencer's Unknown Power behind phenomena with the Trinity—God the Unrevealed, God the Revealed, and God the Revealer?"

Sir R. Temple's "Lord Lawrence" and Mr. G. Hooper's "Wellington" are the latest contributions to "Englishmen of Action" (Macmillan). The former is one of the most valuable of the Series. Sir R. Temple writes chiefly from personal knowledge—he was Lawrence's secretary during his busy years in the Punjab, and was with him as Councillor when he was Viceroy. It was the prompt energy with which Lawrence sent up the siege-train from Delhi to Lord's Hardinge and Gough that won him the joint-Administratorship of the Punjab. Here he and his elder brother Henry differed

so seriously that the latter, who was disposed to be too tender with vested interests, was removed by Lord Dalhousie. To John's energy during the "War of the Mutinies" was due the storming of Delhi, which was the turning-point of the whole business. Had Henry lived, it may be doubtful whether he or John would have succeeded Lord Elgin; it is certain that John could never have done what he did had he not been admirably served, and that the best of service would have been useless had it not been deftly gathered up by his vigorous mind. His stern determination did not belie his ancestry—his mother was descended from John Knox. He was scarcely as ready in providing against the Orissa famine as he had been in checkmating the mutineers; but he was then fifty-eight in stead of forty-eight, and was not well served by the then Governor of Bengal. Wellington, no favourite with his mother, Lady Mornington, began life as "the ugly duckling" of his family. This accounts for the uncertainty about the date and place of his birth. Mr. Hooper tells his wondrous story remarkably well, whether he details the Indian campaigns, or shows how Sir Arthur cleared Portugal of the French in twelve days, or points out the shortcomings of the commissariat, or paints, with Napierian spirit, the varying scenes of the hard-fought fight at Talavera. What might have happened in Spain had Ney and Soult pulled together, instead of madly thwarting one another, it is as idle to conjecture as it is to fancy what would have happened if Blucher had not come up, and Grouchy had, at Waterloo. Lord Wolsley is quite right in reminding us that Napoleon was not in 1815 the man he was at Austerlitz; but this does not detract from Wellington's greatness. Mr. Hooper manages to put a deal of freshness into an oft-told tale. One is glad to read how the Duke carried Catholic Emancipation "in spite of the King, the Duke of Cumberland, the Lievens, and the old Tories," at the cost of being involved in the same "atmosphere of calumny" in which Peel was momentarily enwrapped when he had the courage to turn Free Trader. His conduct in regard to this, and to the Test and Corporation Acts (absurdly nullified every year by an Indemnity Act), proved that "he was not a party man."

"Vingt jours à Paris pendant l'Exposition Universelle" (Maison Quantin, Paris). It is only by the hearty co-operation of artists and printers that such an elaborate and highly-finished illustrated little souvenir of the Paris Exhibition could be possibly issued. All the drawings are reproduced by different mechanical processes, but the clearness and delicacy of line are well shown on every page.

page.

MINOR BOOKS.—Dr. Gordon Stables' "Dog-Owners' Kennel Companion and Referee" (Dean and Son) is one of the best cheap books on the rearing and general treatment of dogs we have seen. The book contains practical information as to the different varieties of the canine species, the management of their kennels, the proper treatment of their various ailments, and many other particulars which will be found useful to dog-owners. The volume is illustrated with several very spirited drawings by Mr. Louis Wain.—The current number of "Our Celebrities" (Swan Sonnenschein and Co.) includes portraits of the Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, Cardinal Manning, and Sir Sydney H. Waterlow, Bart. The photographs are executed in Mr. Walery's usual style of excellence, and the descriptive letterpress which accompanies them is instructive and interesting.—"Dignitaries of the Church" (Hatchards) appears this month for the first time, containing photographs of the Archbishop of Canterbury, Dean of Truro, and Dean of Worcester. The portraits, which are from photographs by Mr. Samuel A. Walker, of 230, Regent Street, are admirably executed, and are supplemented by brief, but well-written, biographical notes on each Dignitary.—"Essays on Men and Books," selected from the earlier writings of Lord Macaulay, is the latest addition to the admirable "Lotos" series (Trübner and Co.). The book opens with a critical introduction and notes by Dr. A. H. Japp, and includes the essays on Lord Clive, John Milton, Earl of Chatham, and Lord Byron.—"Walks in Holland" is one of those capital little guide-books issued and edited by Percy Lindley, 125, Fleet Street. The book abounds in illustrations of the most picturesque portions of Holland, and furnishes a vast amount of practical information which should prove useful to people visiting that country.—Mr. Elliot Stock sends us a translation of "The Imitation of Christ," by Thomas à Kempis, arranged in rhythmic sentences. The preface is written by Canon Liddon.—"The Dictionary of Medical Specialists for 1889" (C. J. Clark, 4, Lincoln's Inn Fields), an entirely new work, contains a classified list of London Practitioners who chiefly attend to Special Departments of Medicine and Surgery, with particulars of the principal special hospitals and special departments in general hospitals. It is edited by W. P. W. Philimore, B.C.L.



THE SEASON.—The rainfall of the 8th broke the long spell of dry weather which had lasted in many parts of the United Kingdom from July 11th. Along the East coast, from Edinburgh to Yarmouth, this period was absolutely rainless, while in London only 0·22 and in York only 0·36 of an inch fell in the thirty days. Yet as near London as Blackheath the rainfall was much greater owing to a heavy downpour on July 1st. The rain which has fallen since the 8th has had much of the same local character. In London, in the early morning hours of the 13th, the fall was of tropical density, but this rain did not strike several suburban districts. It will result from this regional—we might almost say “parochial”—character of the weather that the crop yields of 1889 will present similar varieties. What, however, marks the present season as a good one is that while we hear from this and that place that, owing to various drawbacks, the yield of grain will not exceed an average, the bulk of ordinary reports are distinctly above the mean, and even the adverse ones do not fall below an average prospect. Wheat as a rule stands up exceedingly well, and is strong and stiff in the straw, while the ears are filling out well and the blossoming period has been everything that farmers could desire. The prevalence of poppies and of other ornamental “weeds” continues to be deplored by the farmer, and to be borne with much equanimity by every one else. Fields, however, in Oxfordshire are quite red with the poppy, and in South Hampshire a bright yellow flower abounds even more than usual this year. The barley in many parts is over-run with charlock, and on the heavier soils is still sickly in appearance, never having recovered from its cold, damp seed bed. Oats, except in the very dry districts, where they should not be grown at all, are an extremely promising crop. Winter beans are very good, the first time they have been so for some years. The spring-sown beans are uneven, and many of the fields which we have seen have been extraordinarily foul with weeds. Blight, which has spared other crops, has struck the tares. The price of beef and mutton is about a penny per lb. higher to farmers than it was this time last year, and for veal and lamb twopence per lb. more money is demanded. As the full extent of this advance cannot be demanded by butchers without checking the retail demand in a fine summer, the consumer and the farmer are

(Continued on page 74)

(Continued on page 74)



W. Logsdail

THROUGH LONDON BY OMNIBUS, IV.

CHEPE

AT the hour of "high Change" in the afternoon, or more decidedly still at about lunch time, Cheapside presents a scene which can be witnessed in no other capital in the world. Not because of its imposing buildings or its picturesque aspect, for it is still a comparatively unimpressive highway, and though its modern shops and warehouses are attractive and important, and there are some broad openings leading from it to the finer thoroughfares of Cannon Street and Queen Victoria Street, it is far less picturesque than it was a century ago, to say nothing of the time when it was famous for its conduit of fair water, and when people assembled to listen to the sermons preached from the open-air pulpit at Paul's Cross, which stood not far from where we are now stopping for passengers to alight at St. Martin's-le-Grand and the General Post Office.

Chepe, Cheap, or Cheaping was then what its name implies—a market, and in 1491, when Sheriff Thomas Wood, goldsmith, lived there in the street named after him, it was the quarter in which the followers of his craft—the goldsmiths—mostly had their shops. It was he who built that part of Cheapside by the end of Wood

Street, and then called Goldsmiths' Row. Cheap was the noted place, too, for silkmen, linendrapers, and hosiers; and so it remains, but there are few traces even of its more modern significance except that at this very point—at Wood Street, one of the still narrow streets on the side where the streets are mostly narrow and crooked—there is a flourishing old tree which marks the site of a former church of St. Peter in Cheap. Stay, here on the right is the famous Bow Church, with its clock projecting high above us, even as we sit on the omnibus top. The original church of St. Mary-le-Bow, or St. Mary de Arcubus, was built in the time of William the Conqueror, and was the first church in London erected on arches of stone. From these arches, or bows, it took its name, and a famous building it became, for close by, near the Standard in Cheap and the Great Cross, were held the "Ridings," or jousts; and at the church Edward III. caused a strong stone shed, or open-fronted covered balcony, to be built, that he and Queen Philippa and the nobles and ladies might see the sports. This church in the centre of civic life became, as it were, identified with, and representative of, Cockaigne. To be born under Bow Bells was synonymous with being a veritable Londoner, and to judge from the legend of Whittington, the sound of the chime could be heard even as far as Highgate. The association of

citizenship with being within hearing of Bow Bells may be understood from the fact that in earliest days the bell of St. Mary-le-Bow rang every evening to apprise the City 'prentices that it was time to leave off work. The old church was, of course, destroyed in the Great Fire, and the present building is one of Wren's masterpieces. We may remember, as we look up at the steeple in passing, that the arched vault of Bow Church the Ecclesiastical Court was once held, and was therefore called the Court of Arches. The dragon on the steeple is, in its way, as famous as the bells, and the balcony of the present building is a reminder of the old stone *gildm*, or *shiel*, from which the flower of the English Court used to witness the shows and pageants for which Cheapside was celebrated. There are few shows now except that of the Lord Mayor on the Ninth of November, and that seems to be in danger of extinction, now that the London County Council bears rule. There are two sides to every question, however, and the people of this great London are not so often regaled with cheerful sights that they can agree to part without regret even from a Lord Mayor's Show. Perhaps there will be a little reaction against the abolition of the pageant, for the fine old Guildhall still stands; and the civic banquets have not yet lost their savour. "All fares, please! Anybody for the Bank?"



BOW AND STRING

"WHAT do you call them things again?"
"Wot things?" inquired Sam.
"Them things as is always a goin' up and down in the City,"
"Omnibuses," suggested Sam.
The elder Mr. Weller did not mean omnibuses, but the Funds. Still the description he had given applied equally well to omnibuses, and to see London from the top of an omnibus it is necessary to go up and down in the City a good deal. This is how it is that we find ourselves once more under the shadow of St. Paul's, and, in fact, in the churchyard of the great Cathedral itself. Not on the northern side, by Paternoster Row, the side where the mercers' and jewellers' shops are—and where the pastrycooks are just now dispensing ices, jellies, meat patties, and Bath buns to ladies, who look as though they were conscious of having a mission, and clerical-looking gentlemen, who look as though they were conscious of being to some extent the objects of it. There are many quaint localities on that side of the Cathedral—many reminiscences of Dolly's Chop House, and of Dean Swift, and of Johnson and his club, and of the Vicars Choral and the singers at the sign of the Swan and Harp, which was facetiously corrupted to the Goose and Gridiron. There is the usual entrance to the Cathedral, the Grand Gates being opened only on special public ceremonies and celebrations: and there is the

THROUGH LONDON BY OMNIBUS. IV.

Chapter House, where we may remember that Barham, the famous "Thomas Ingoldsby" of "The Ingoldsby Legends," resided when he was one of the officiating clergy. That side of the churchyard is known as "The String," and this in which we are now entering from the end near Cannon Street as "the bow," from some fanciful resemblance in shape to a bow with a loose string. As we turned out of Cheapside, round the south-east corner of the churchyard, we may have been reminded that within the memory of the middle-aged, London churchyards were mostly collections of hideous decayed tombstones and frowzy graves, surrounded by rusty iron railings, and open to the street. We have improved upon that by reverting to the old Roman custom of burying our dead in cemeteries outside the city walls. The churchyards themselves have been converted into paved areas—or, better still, into gardens planted with trees, shrubs, and flowers, where the public may walk or sit. Conspicuous above all is the corner of the Cathedral churchyard. Over there is a bower of trees and flowering plants, and a fountain of pure water trickles amidst the beds and borders, where children play or weary wayfarers sit and rest and read.
Turning from this ample space, with its freshness, light, and colour, there is something very imposing in the aspect of the vast length of the Cathedral—its grand stone recesses and columns, its solemn ornaments, its dim undecipherable windows, its queer secret-looking doorways, leading, one would think, to vault and crypt; the grass-grown and cultivated patches of ground here and

there amidst the few tombstones, the great height and the strange mystery of the smoke-blackened pile showing drifts of white or grey across column, and panel, and entablature, indicating in what direction the winds that blow round the building have chiefly carried the sooty mists and flung them as a black veil upon the sacred structure. Many changes have lately taken place here. The old building of St. Paul's School, with its dim cloistered playground, founded by Dean Colet in 1512, and once situated on the ground, whence we have just turned, has been taken down and south-east, whence we have just turned, has been taken down and the school removed to Hammersmith. St. Paul's Chain—the narrow street here on the left—keeps the name that was given it because at this point a chain was drawn across the roadway to prevent vehicles driving past during the time of public worship. St. Paul's Bakehouse still gives its name to a court close by, and here we are at the low archway leading to Doctors' Commons, once the solemn precinct of the Ecclesiastical and Admiralty Courts, and of the Prerogative Office, where wills were kept till the Courts were removed to the new Palace of Justice and the wills were taken to the Registry Office at Somerset House, in the Strand. Doctors' Commons retains one of its privileges. Marriage licences are still obtained here as they were when Mr. Jingle eloped with the maiden aunt and the renowned Sam Weller described the Proctor's office to Mr. Wardle; but, otherwise, its glory has departed, though there remain a few quaint buildings as evidences of its former importance.

THOMAS ARCHER.

The shadowed livery of the burnished sun.

MISCELLANEOUS.—A sacred song of no mean merit is "Light at Eventide;" the words, from the *Quiver*, are very pathetic. The music is by G. C. Miller (Messrs. Augener and Co.).—A dramatic song which deserves a good place in the programme of a sacred concert is "He is Risen !," written and composed by Henri Deschamps and Arnold Dolmetsch; there is a very effective violin and organ, or harmonium *ad lib.* accompaniment to this song. By the above-named composer is "La Malinconia," *mélodie* for alto-violà (or violoncelle), with piano-forte accompaniment; a very musically composition (Messrs. P. Schott and Co.).—An attractive song for the drawing-room is "The Stars," words translated from the German by Sir Theodore Martin, K.C.B., music by Philip H. Angrave (Messrs. Weekes and Co.).



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President of the Anthropological Institute
MR. W. F. THISELTON DYER
Director of the Royal Gardens, Kew
MR. R. H. SCOTT
Secretary, Meteorological Office
DR. WILLIAM HUGGINS
Astronomer
MR. W. H. PREECE
Electrician to Telegraph Department,
General Post Office
LORD RAYLEIGH
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DR. JOHN EVANS
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Astronomer-Royal
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Professor of Zoology, University College, London
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Professor of Astronomy, South Kensington
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MR. W. H. FLOWER, C.B.
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Palaeontologist
MR. WILLIAM BROOKS
Chemist

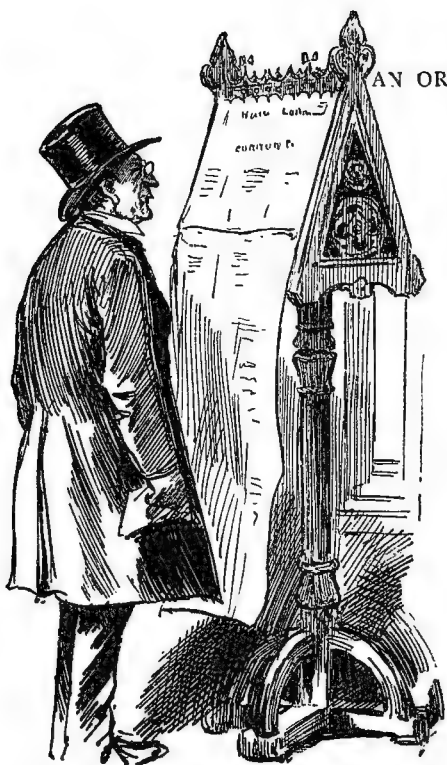
THE ROYAL SOCIETY
A PORTRAIT GROUP OF SOME OF THE MOST DISTINGUISHED FELLOWS

COMMITTEES



Lords—Dormer.
 Pollock. 2
 Romilly. 3 (Chairman)
 Ormonde. 4
 Ingham. 5

WITNESSES



SIR JOHN MOWBRAY

the many Committee-Rooms that the hard work of Parliament is done; and any morning during Session the observer who penetrates into this busy ant's-nest—he may find it a hornet's-nest if he fail to show sufficient reason for his presence there—may see, busily engaged before the Committees, or hurrying from room to room, many of the foremost members of every profession and branch of commerce, and experts in every science, called to give evidence, and to elucidate points which may arise in the course of inquiries into technical matters which require the knowledge of the most eminent specialists to put the Senatorial Councillors in a position to rightly consider the case before them.

Of the conspicuous features in the corridors to Committee Rooms are the decidedly ornamental, ecclesiastical-looking reading-stands, placed in convenient spots, and upon which are displayed long lists of Committees for the general information of those concerned. One of the most ardent students of this pleasant reading is Sir John Mowbray, the Chairman of the Committee of Selection, for upon him finally rests the responsibility of selecting each Committee.

It may be mentioned that, as is the case with all the regulations relating to Strangers in the House, there has been a very great

COMMITTEES
 AN ORDINARY MEMBER of the public may, and I believe, in fact, the majority really do, imagine that the business of Parliament begins and ends with the sitting in debate of the Upper and Lower Houses.

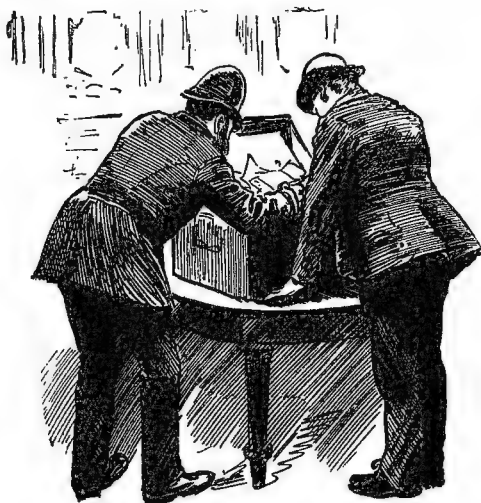
Certainly few of the uninitiated have any conception of the veritable beehive which exists entirely without the precincts of the two Chambers. Nevertheless, it is in

increase in the stringency with which all orders have been observed which make for the exclusion of unauthorised visitors since the occurrence of the dynamite outrages. This general tightening of the strings has extended to all kinds of boxes and parcels which are brought into the Committee-Rooms.

Immediately at the top of the stairs inside the St. Stephen's entrance, upon the platform at the upper end of the majestic, but sepulchral, Hall of Westminster is a table, and upon this is placed each deed-box containing papers relating to the various Committees. As it arrives, and before it passes on to its destination, it must undergo a careful examination by the constable, to ensure that it contains nothing more explosive than red tape, and that beneath the innocent leaves of brief and foolscap there lurks no reptile of diabolical mechanism. Far be it from my thoughts, however, to speak lightly of these only too terribly necessary precautions. Shame and humiliation must mantle the cheek of every true-born Briton when he reflects that the apprehension of which these measures are the index is no chimera of over-busy officialism, but the reflex of an appalling reality.

The officers and men under Chief Inspector Horsley fully understand that their duties are not merely formal; for within a very few years has come upon them a novel responsibility, which but ten years ago would have made the bravest shudder, but now, by familiarity, is one with the ordinary duties of the day.

Nothing in the shape of a box or parcel is allowed to remain for an instant unowned. Should a porter bring in a box and the owner not be by to superintend its transit to the Committee Room it is instantly ordered out of the building.



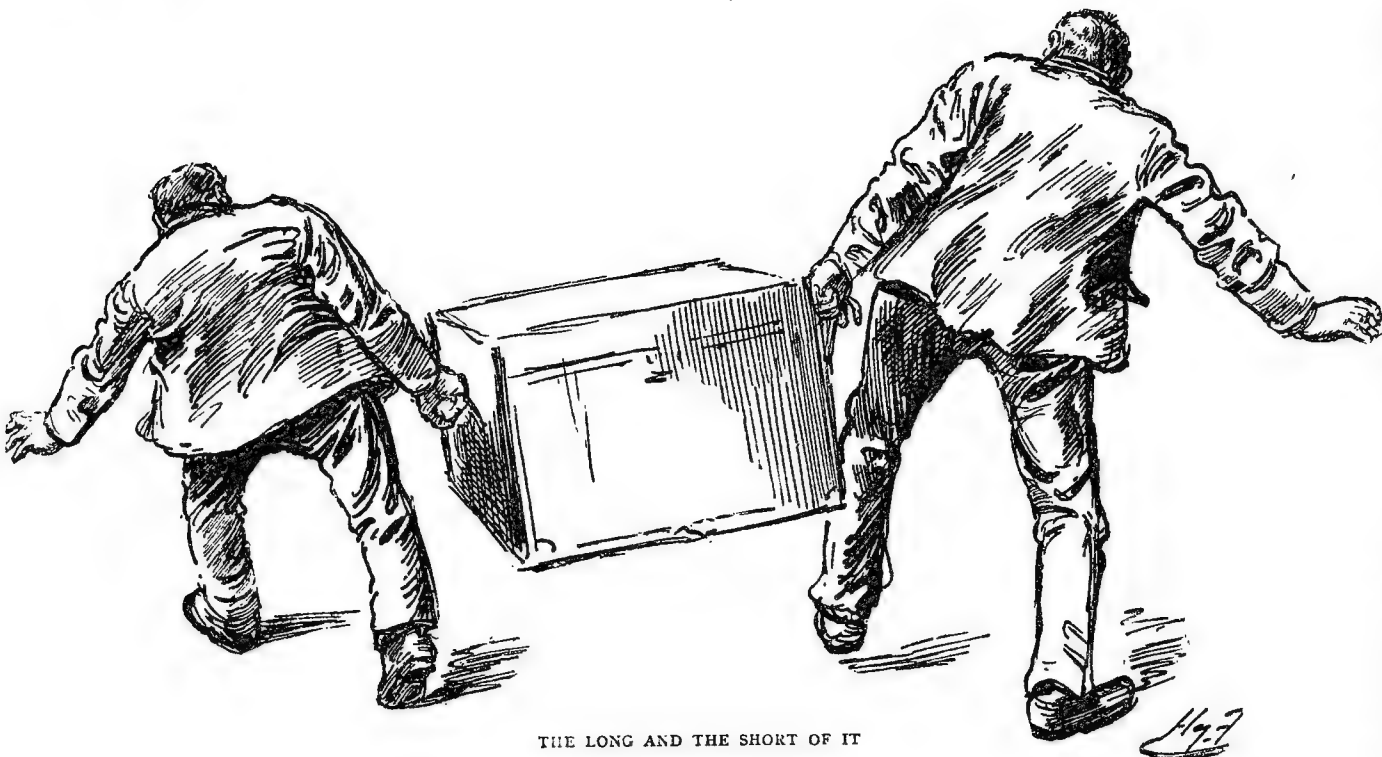
DYNAMITE!

In "The long and the short of it," a sketch shown on the next page, I have depicted one of these monster cases of tinned innocence passing on towards the haven upstairs upon the arm of two burly but disproportionate porters. One of these gentlemen—the representative of "length" in the combination—is a very well known character. For one day in the week only, and that "the day which comes between a Saturday and Monday," he figures as a sweeper of crossings; not a common crossing-sweeper such as would grace a dirty corner of the New Cut and pocket the coppers of the daughter of the purveyor of fried fish, and touch his hat to the wife of the seamstress's avuncular relation; no, but a Knight of the Noble



AN EXPERT

Order of the Besom, privileged to walk before Commoners and Peers alike as they go in simple guise "each Sunday to the kirk" to attend the special service provided for their benefit in St. Margaret's, Westminster. And as of course all good Members of Parliament always go to church, and all good church-goers always "Remember the sweeper," the gentleman is beyond doubt rapidly making a fortune; hence his high official position about the House on the other six days of the week.



THE LONG AND THE SHORT OF IT

A word is also due to the four-foot-ten miracle who is the frequent colleague of our Polyphemus. During the sittings of the Committee on the Manchester Ship Canal Bill, there was an immense amount of work thrown on this particular department. Huge boxes of heavy books and papers arrived by the score, and one after another had to be carried up into the Committee Room. Then was this little Hercules in his glory, and it was a splendid sight to see him shoulder boxes which would stagger any one but an Australian wheat "lumper," and march off as though he enjoyed the game.

As the public are not allowed here, we must assume for the present purpose that we have some official business in one of the Committee Rooms, and follow the boxes. Our way lies through St. Stephen's Hall, into the Central Hall, then straight across and up the staircase into a sepulchral Chamber which I have shown as "The Hatteries," as all hats, coats, &c., are left here in charge of the suave attendants. Here, also, in the darkest corners have been painted a number of frescoes, some description of which I hope to give later, if my pocket electric illuminator is "in order" when next I visit the House.

These frescoes were part of the original plan for the decoration of the Houses of Parliament, and their site is characteristic of that of most Government attempts at Art.

On a scale of grandeur, and with aims most laudable, the execution of these works was entrusted to several foremost artists of the day. It is not surprising that none of these gentlemen had much experience of fresco-painting; it does, however, seem somewhat strange that, as would appear, not one of them found it necessary to study the principles of that difficult Art.

With genuine English density, they seem to have concluded that a fresco is simply a painting on a wall — true! the dictionary will tell you thus much; but it is also painting by special means and methods in special mediums, on walls under special treatment, without which a fresco is but "like the baseless fabric of a vision."

And what was the result of this insular simplicity and disregard of all that the experience of the great of ages should have taught?

Did the flowing tide recede at the bidding of the Saxon monarch

of old time? No! Neither will relentless decay stay its hand at the command of the best of British painters. Says the painter, "This work shall live while this wall stands."

"No!" says Change. "Think your hardest, use all your known arts and chemicals, and invent a new dodge every day. You can at best appease me but for a very short time. Defy me, and I will put out the eyes of your saints, splinter your heroes' swords, unstring your golden lyres and silver bows, and pick more holes in your masterpieces than a generation of critics!"

But the British painters preferred to defy the elements, and painted the walls of this mausoleum of Art each in his own delightful way. The results were never frescoes properly so-called; they are not now even paintings. The walls were not properly prepared, nor were the pigments used of a character to withstand the ravages of time. Consequently in their present state these works of Art remind one of those standards which hang in St. Paul's Cathedral, whose tattered fabrics so notably bear witness to the wreck wrought by "the battle and the breeze," moth, damp, reasonable wear and tear, &c. It seems strange, however, that the one painting which has made any stand against the general decay should be the work of a "black and white" artist. This is John Tenniel's "Saint Cecilia," which was painted in pure water colour, and is to-day by far the best preserved of all these dilapidated saints and warriors.

But we have lingered long enough; this is not a new work on "English Art in the Nineteenth Century."

From this point, long corridors run left and right, and out of these lead the principal Committee Rooms devoted to Private Bills; these extend along the river-front of the building for a great portion of the entire length of the noble elevation. These corridors afford excellent opportunities for observing some of the most interesting phases of life in Committees. In the windows which look upon the Courtyard are fixed writing-desks for the use of persons attending Committees. In a sketch, I have noted a characteristic incident of an interested party cramming a Parliamentary Agent.

PARLIAMENTARY AGENTS

BEFORE leaving the corridors, and shifting the scene of my desultory observations to the Committee Rooms, I must introduce the reader to those who, not without some justification, consider themselves the mainsprings of these remarkable bits of clockwork.

A Parliamentary Agent is a person who introduces a bill to Committee; any person who solicits a bill in Parliament is thereby constituted a Parliamentary Agent, and it seems to be customary to term him a solicitor, but it must not be supposed that they are always solicitors in the ordinary sense of the term. Parliament imposes upon them certain responsibilities and visionary penalties, and the public impose upon them by handing them enormous fees whenever the public wants a bill in Parliament, and a place of safety for its spare cash; otherwise their qualifications are not such as an uninstructed member of the public can easily comprehend.

EXPERTS

THE vocation of an expert on Parliamentary Committees becomes almost a profession in itself. On subjects which are frequently under consideration, such as Waterworks, Railways, &c., &c., there are certain accredited authorities who are constantly in attendance on such Committees; they act as guardian spirits, when without their aid our excellent legislators would hopelessly flounder in the vast morasses of bewildering technicalities.

The appearance of some of these experts is as familiar to the regular frequenter of the Committee Rooms as that of the officials of the House, and one of the unsought privileges which their greatness entails is that they are generally known to the pressmen and police

by some more or less amusing, though not ill-natured nickname.

Although it is my intention to treat life in the House throughout in the spirit of the every-day observer and sketchist, it is impossible to get very far without importing something of the "complete guide" into the subject.

STRANGERS

FIRST let me make it clear that Strangers are not by any means expected to put in an appearance during the deliberations of a Select Committee. If a person can satisfy the vigilant, though courtly, representative of law and order on duty that he is personally interested—in some measure several degrees above the "boiling-point" of idle curiosity—in the subject under consideration in one of the rooms, he may generally receive permission to enter.

There are some people, however, who have so much spare time and such absorbing interest in Committees in general, that they have always an argument ready to show that they are indispensable to the proper conduct of this branch of the public business; after a few calls, however, the Police become one too many for the ingenious idler, and he finds that the Thames Embankment is the nearest place of public recreation to which he is free to resort.

In treating of Committees I have no doubt my readers are for the most part aware that I am not now proposing to treat at all of Committees of the whole House, but of Select Committees only. The former are practically a portion of the regular proceedings, and take place in the Chambers of the Lords and Commons respectively, with merely a slight re-arrangement for the occasion. Select Committees, on the other hand, take place in the twenty-six rooms devoted solely to that purpose, and, as is pretty generally known, a number of them are usually proceeding at the same time, each presided over by a Chairman.

A Select Committee is usually composed of five Peers or five of Her Majesty's faithful Commons.

In either House the usual limit in number is fifteen; and,



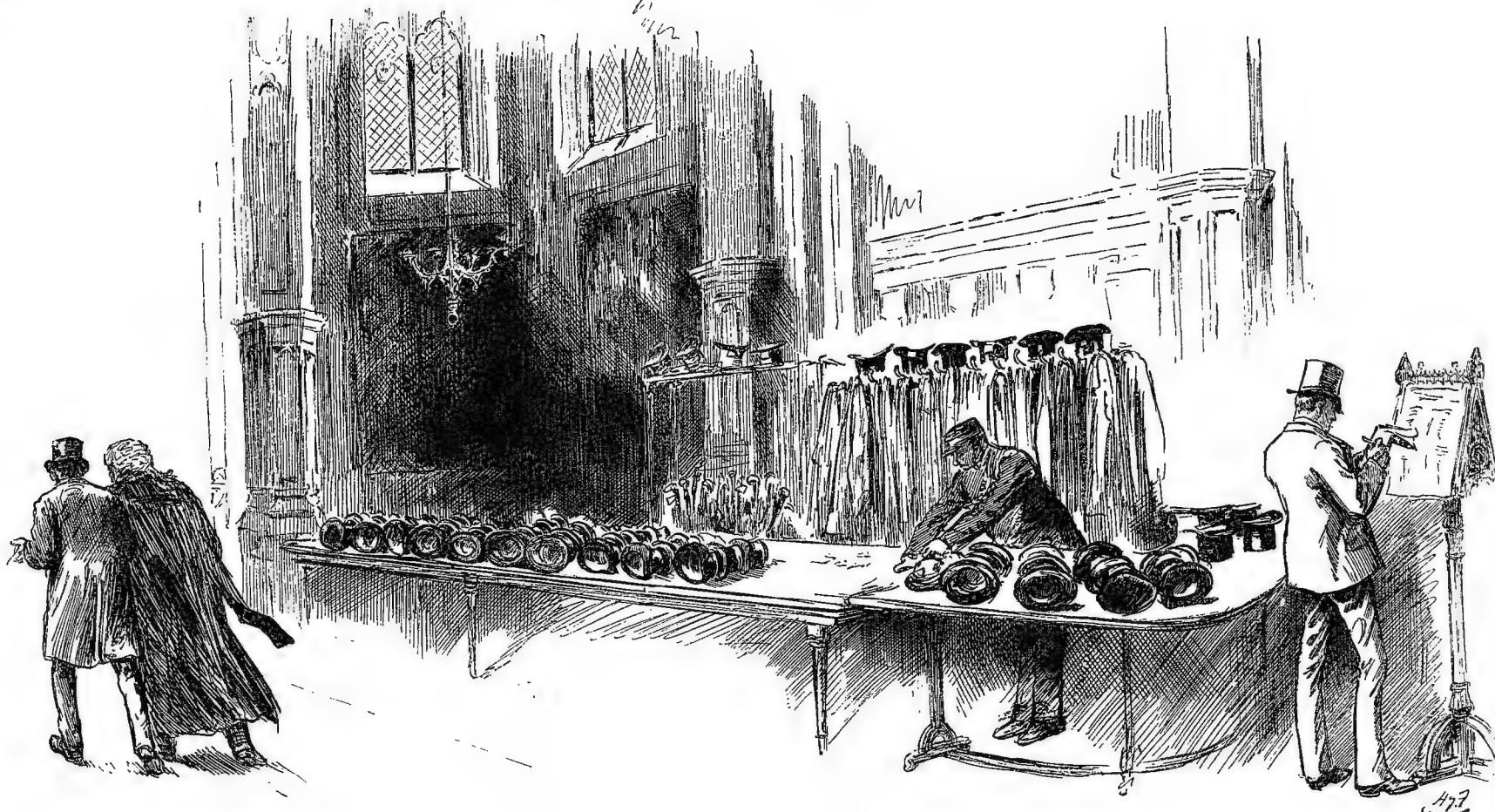
IN THE LOBBY

in case it is thought advisable to have a larger number, special application must be made to the full House. The limit in the other direction, namely, the number required in each Committee to form a quorum, is specially fixed by the House when nominating the Members required to serve, but it is very interesting to learn the exact relative value of a Peer and Commoner as a member of Committee. The ratio stated in simple arithmetical formula is—as 5 is to 3, so is one Lord to one Commoner. I am not at all sure that this is not very near the truth. At any rate, it takes, as a rule, five Members of the Lower House to form a quorum on a Select Committee, whereas three Nobles are usually considered sufficient to fill the same office.

Select Committees on public matters differ entirely from Private Bill Committees. On the former no Counsel are engaged, they may consist of a dozen or so Members, all of whom call witnesses at their pleasure, and all put questions to obtain information to report to the House upon. The "Sweating" Committee is perhaps the best-known instance of this class, and we may take it as our



AN AGENT



THE "HATTERIES"

example of a Committee on public matters. Committees on unopposed Private Bills are naturally those of which we hear least, as their passing through the mill is merely formal. These are dealt with in the House of Lords by the Chairman of Committees; and in the House of Commons, by the Chairman of the

sombre scene. The Secretary to the Nizam, a patriarchal old gentleman with white turban and a *pince-nez*, sat in the body of the Court, or Committee-room, with his interpreter. At the door his attendant, lovely in greens and yellows, stood, a monument of native dignity. Somehow, however, he looked sadly out of place, for his dress seemed to excite more amusement than admiration. In the Grosvenor Gallery such a costume would have gladdened the hearts of the "Greenery Yallery" individuals who, we are asked to believe, haunt the Bond Street Temple of Art and other things.

Sir Richard Temple was very much *en évidence* in this Committee. When the natives were present, he interpreted the interpreter with delightful alacrity, and in that had the advantage of the senior Member for Northampton, whose education—in Hindoostanee—has evidently been neglected. Sir Henry James was a striking contrast to the amateur Chairmen we find presiding over other Committees, and "pulled up" the Counsel in a manner quite his own.

PRIVATE BILL COMMITTEES

To these Committees, as I have already indicated, come for discussion, Railway, Gas, Water, and Local Government Bills at their crucial stage, the formal stages only being considered in the Houses. The fray for and against a Bill occupies from an hour or two to two or three weeks—the latter frequently. In a prolonged inquiry, Members are observed, during the drowsy hours of the afternoon, to close their eyes, the better to concentrate their attention, no doubt. The decorous dulness of some Committees receives welcome relief from the strains of music from a passing excursion steamer; occasionally the firing of a pistol to start a boat-race may rouse a drowsy Member with a sudden and uncomfortable reminiscence of dynamite.

One of the most conspicuous figures when Railway Bills are under discussion is that of Mr. J. S. Forbes; in fact, there are few such committees in which he is not visible, in some form or another, either as promoter and director, as a witness, or as an expert in railway management. There is not a point in the laws bearing upon Railways in which he is not as well instructed as the legal luminaries whose duty it is often to endeavour to entangle this well-versed witness, whose popularity is equal to his erudition.

None know this better than the members of the Parliamentary Bar, and many a trial of strength in the lists of legal argument and fence take place, when Mr. Forbes is a witness on the side of some new scheme for the extension of our vast system of iron roads. I once ventured to express my wonder that Mr. Forbes could find time for so many meetings of Railway Companies as well as these attendances on the Parliamentary Committees, and that the labour did not wear him out. Mr. Forbes replied with a smile that he did not doubt it would prove too much for him, but that he spends the mornings among his Corots and Milletts, and so comes forth to work like a "giant refreshed with wine," and that after the turmoil is over he can retire and revive his energies among the beauties of the quiet scenes his favourite painters loved to paint. Most connoisseurs of Art know that Mr. Forbes' house on the now classic Chelsea Embankment contains a collection of



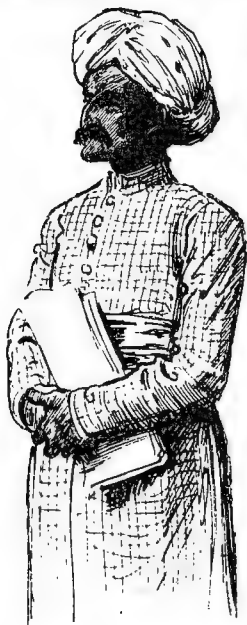
THE SECRETARY TO THE NIZAM AND HIS INTERPRETER

Committee on Ways and Means, assisted by their legal advisers, to see that the Bills are in accordance with the general law. Parliament, however, has the right to convert an unopposed Bill into an opposed Bill, should it consider that, although no one has come forward with any specific objections, it is desirable that the arguments *pro* and *con* should be heard; the Bill is referred back to the Committee of Selection, and dealt with as an opposed Bill. The converse also takes place in event of the opposing parties wishing to withdraw their opposition to a Bill already set down as opposed.

DECCAN MINES COMMITTEE

THE Committee on the Deccan Mines last year was an exception to the usual oppressive dulness of these inquiries. Important issues were involved, and the progress of the examination aroused a vast amount of public interest. Much entertainment was afforded by the sparring in cross-examination between Mr. Labouchere and the promoter.

When the native Indian witnesses arrived they added an unusual brilliancy and picturesqueness to



MEHED ALI'S SERVANT



A RAILWAY BILL

modern paintings which many more ostentatious collectors secretly covet.

LORDS

CERTAIN privileges attach to the Peers when sitting in Committee on Private Bills which, as being formal and of no essential value, seem little suited to this practical age. It is enacted that "the Committees are to be attended by such judges or learned counsel as are appointed; they are not to sit there, or be covered, unless it be out of favour for infirmity; some judge sometimes hath a stool set behind, but never covers, and the rest never sit or

cover." Here the "Standing" Orders proceed to quote the precedent. "The Lord Chief Justice Popham did often attend Committees, and though he were Chief Justice, Privy Councillor, and infirm, yet would very hardly ever be persuaded to sit down, saying it was his duty to stand and attend, and desired the Lords to keep those forms which were their due."

Official language is powerless to conceal the grand old pride and spirit breathed in these few words of the venerable Judge, and it may be the fault of the age if we find it difficult to sympathise



THE SWEATING COMMITTEE

with the sentiment expressed; still the adage "*Noblesse oblige*" was not unknown to the days of Justice Popham, and it is not easy to see how the dignity or prestige of the Lords would have suffered if a gentleman, aged and infirm, had given his evidence or conducted an inquiry whilst seated.

In Lords' Committees to-day the not too-edifying spectacle may often be seen of a white-haired venerable man of science having to stand to give his evidence before a juvenile peer. The Lord Mayor (not necessarily a man of science) is offered a chair by courtesy, but he is not expected to sit on it—only to lean on its back. In the Commons all witnesses are seated.

A RAILWAY BILL

LET us enter the Committee-room. Huge plans hang on the walls. Prominently we see a map of Little Mudborough. One would not have thought it such an important place; from its width, the main street must be a magnificent boulevard. A Railway Company wishes to run a branch to this "thriving township." But the Canal Company, or the Gas Company, the North Star Manure Company, or the Mudborough Mushroom Company raises objections to the proposed invasion. A Committee sits upon the question. Agents fill the Barristers' coffers and their own; experts are engaged, at tremendous cost, to prove that the Canal will dry up, or the Gas cease to illuminate, the Manure to fertilise, or the Mushrooms to grow under the baleful breath of the Iron Monster; whilst experts on the other side are called to show that by the

enlightening influence of the march of civilisation, and railways in particular, canal freights will be

doubled, gas will outshine the sun, the Manure Company eclipse the Nitre Company, and mushrooms grow to the size of houses. This merry game goes on for weeks, and the result is that the lawyers and agents amass fortunes, and shareholders go mourning for their dividends.

Even from the moderate amount of experience I have had of Committees it is impossible not to see that very much depends on the Chairman, whose office is by no means a sinecure, for whereas one Chairman will push ahead the inquiry and minimise the waste of time, another, out of pure prosy conscientiousness, will mildly while away weeks, where hours would suffice to thresh out the question. There is a certain noble lord (I have not sketched him for these articles), who is notorious for taking the greatest pains over every detail, and mastering none.

THE CHAIRMAN

THE Slushhill Slate Quarries Bill is under discussion. The usual prodigious plan of the district hangs upon the wall of the Committee Room. Portions of this plan are coloured pink, blue, yellow, and black; and in the centre there is a large square patch of slate colour.

I recollect when first I looked in at this Committee I was struck by the Chairman's earnest manner as he asked what the colour of the square patch was, to which the witness replied,

"Slate, my lord."

"And it represents——?"

"The Slate Quarries for which we are petitioning for this Bill."

"Ah! quite so. Wait a minute."

And the noble lord took ten to write this information down very carefully in very "long" hand.

A week or two after I looked in at this same Committee, still "sitting," like Poe's Raven, as though the Chairman's motto were "Never more." I looked around, I saw no "bust of Pallas," I heard no "rustling of the purple curtain," but I saw the same plan

with its purple—no, slate-coloured patch; the same Committee sleepy, "nearly napping," dying of weariness; the Counsel gloating over the masses of papers; the Agents' still with the bags of "refreshers." I heard the same dry arguments monotonously repeated. The Chairman, still all attention, listened intently to all that was said, the rest of the Committee yawned, played with their pens, or fell asleep.

Suddenly the noble Chairman looked hard at the plan on the wall, put on his glasses, and stared again as though he would picture in his mind's eye the mantelpieces, the roofing-slates, the tombstones, and the School Board slabs being turned out by the waggon-load from the smiling hill-side that looks upon the market-town of Slush (soon to be re-christened Wilton Willowborough Imperial—as the loyal inhabitants of the town believe the name which has been good enough for their forefathers for seventy generations is prejudicial to the trade of the district). The Chairman regarded the plan steadfastly for several minutes, then, turning quickly to the Counsel speaking, in a tone almost agitated, put the inquiry,

"What is the colour of that square in the centre of the plan?"

"Slate colour."

"And it represents——?"

"The Slate Quarry I am speaking about."

"Ah, of course, I think I have a note of that."

"Columbus!" muttered my neighbour. "That's the eighteenth time he has made that discovery. You'll have it again if you're here to-morrow."

And, while the unconscious magnate was making a careful search for the

fugitive note, a smile weary and wistful swept round the doleful ring and disappeared.

This is an example of the painstaking Chairman of Committees beloved of lawyers.

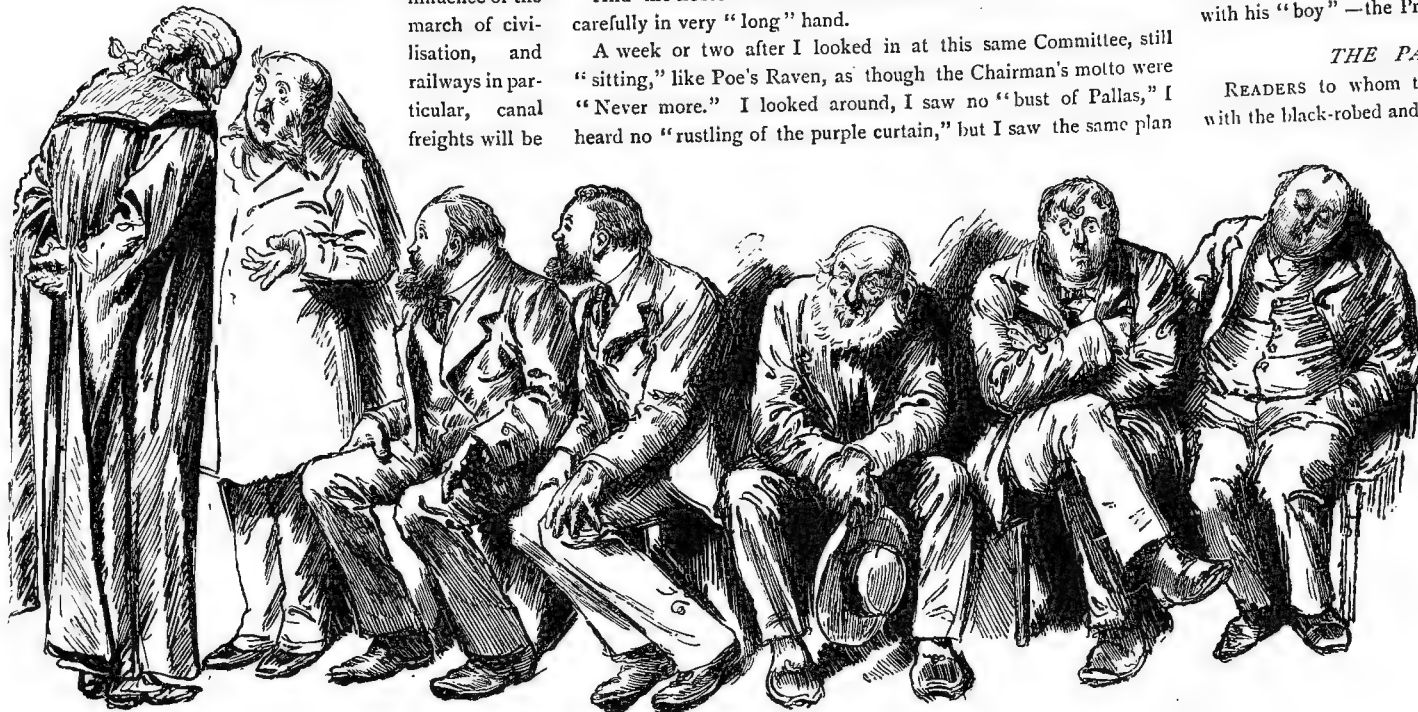
There are others whose manner is swift and judicial, who are perpetually reminding witnesses to keep to the point, and ruling evidence as out of order. These Chairmen the Counsel delight to advise on points of law, and to assist to arrive at their conclusions, by tendering legal explanations of the most delightful simplicity (when you understand them); all, of course, with a view to saving the Committee's time.

WITNESSES

As we pass out of the Committee Room, a glance at the occupants of the Corridor is instructive. On the form at the opposite side of the Corridor sit a row of witnesses, some of our Mudborough friends, if I mistake not. The Proprietor of the Mushroom Company explains to his Counsel some disputed point; his Manager listens intently. It is easily seen that the foreman of the Works, sitting next to him, is his son, as he illustrates filial obedience by an "automatic reproduction" of the parental attitude of attention. Youth and Age have sent their representatives from amongst the operative staff of the Company, but from their expressions one would fancy that they "don't like London." In the eyes of Age we seem to read a scarce disguised contempt for "the Law's delays," while Youth would appear to yearn for the fat briny bacon of his native shire. The principal clerk has dined, and seeks oblivion in the land of dreams. The old gentleman on the chair smiles in blissful ignorance, for he is stone deaf; he has come for a trip to "Lunnon" with his "boy"—the Proprietor of the Company.

THE PARLIAMENTARY BAR

READERS to whom the idea of a Barrister is chiefly associated with the black-robed and be-wigged gentlemen who haunt the Law



WITNESSES





LOBBY DURING SITTING OF SWEATING COMMITTEE



A LEADING Q.C.

Courts and Assizes, will be surprised to hear of the existence of the Parliamentary Bar, and the host of Q.C.'s and "Stuffs" who compose it, earning incomes so great as to suggest that the twenty-odd Committee Rooms in which they perform must be on the embankment of Pactolus, instead of overlooking the familiarly muddy Thames and forming the "first-floor, South" of the Houses of Parliament.

Distinguished men have practised at the Bar of these Committees, among them the present Secretary of State, Mr. Stanhope, and Sir W. Vernon Harcourt.

Members of the Bar practising in Committees cannot become M.P.'s unless they relinquish this position. Sir William Harcourt gave up a most lucrative practice to enter the House. Counsel of the High Court affect to regard the Parliamentary Barrister's lore as somewhat mean; it has, however, a technique peculiar to itself which cannot be acquired from text-books, but from actual practice alone, and when a Chancery or

Common Law bigwig is imported into a Parliamentary contest the spectacle is somewhat ludicrous of seeing him take his cue and prompted by a Parliamentary "Stuff."

The leader of the Parliamentary Bar is Mr. Pope, Q.C., counsel for many railway companies and Corporations, as well as being devoted to the advocacy of the cause of temperance. Mr. Pope is a really eloquent man; probably no counsel puts his points more clearly, or with more telling force. He is popular, and keeps cool and good-tempered in the hardest-fought Bill; indeed, he is so determined to keep cool that he uses a fan in Committee.

Mr. Pember, Q.C., is the hero of the most prodigious contest ever known to Parliamentary Committees—the Manchester Ship Canal Bill—which rivalled the Tichborne trial. He is happiest in promoting a Bill, dilating with impassioned fervency on the necessity of Parliament making better provision for the drainage of Little Pedlington or empowering Old Sarum to construct new gasworks; he will bandy no unnecessary words with too verbose witnesses.

Mr. Littler, Q.C., is in the highest ranks of the Westminster Q.C.'s. Keen, incisive, every sentence well weighed, at not infrequent times quite epigrammatic, and a peripatetic encyclopædia of Parliamentary precedents.

Mr. Pembroke Stephens, Q.C., is to many observers the ablest in some respects. Unaffectedly genial, with absolutely imperturbable good-temper and an Irishman's wit, he perhaps shines most in cross-examination. The confiding witness enters into a chatty discussion, and at its close the learned gentleman, traversing all the witness has said, puts it to him that it is all against the side he is giving evidence for, and thanks him naively as he resumes his seat.

Indeed, a Bill that has the slightest approach to a weak point in its armour has a sorry chance of passing when Mr. Littler and Mr. Pembroke Stephens are joined in opposition to it.

Mr. Balfour Browne, Q.C., is great on railway matters, handling an incomprehensible time-table with a facility that suggests that he is the one man who could re-arrange the trains at Clapham Junction on a simple and regular basis.

Another well-known Counsel is Mr. Jeune, Q.C., whose practice is divided between these Committees and the Ecclesiastical Courts,



though, perhaps, he is chiefly distinguished in the latter, for in the laws relating to "Bishops and Curates and all Congregations," &c., he is regarded as high authority.

There is yet another sphere in which Mr. Jeune shines, namely, the delightful sociality of Mrs. Jeune's "at homes," which are among the bright spots in life's desert. Mr. Lédgard I have also noted as among the Parliamentary Q.C.'s, and he holds an honourable position among the stars of this brilliant little constellation.

To reach the Lords' Committee Rooms we must descend to the groundfloor; from the Central Lobby we turn into the Lords' Corridor, and passing through this into the Lobby of the House of Lords; turning to the left, pass through another Corridor by some of the Lords' private rooms, and so into the long passage, which reaches absolutely from end to end of the building, and out of which the several rooms lead.



MR. LITTLER, Q.C.



MR. JEUNE, Q.C.

THE SWEATING COMMITTEE

LAST year I attended several of the meetings of this Committee. A large proportion of its deliberations was devoted to the Clothing Industry. This brought together anything but a picturesque or savoury crowd of witnesses. The poorest workers from the poorest quarters came to tell the sad tale of much work and little pay, the details of which will be fresh in the memory of many of my readers. The corridors were crowded with a motley crew; the wretched, hungry-looking witnesses; the Sweater, who, for all his sweating, looked anything but emaciated; the curious came to see and hear the latest sensation; the fashionable to elbow her way through the crowd, flouting thereby with her "tailor-made" mantle, perhaps, the very creature who "over the buttons fell asleep and sewed them on in a dream."

The furniture-trade was also much discussed, and a vast deal of very conflicting evidence adduced. It is astonishing when people's interests are at variance what remarkably different views they will take of the same facts—at least, we know it may be so in St. Stephen's.

When these woe-worn toilers came "from the depths" to tell us of the tyrannous oppression of the great houses—how these Juggernauts of Tottenham Court Road rode over and ground down their groaning slaves, "cribbed" their ideas, paid them in cheques, and charged for cashing the same, and cheated them in various ways, too dreadful to name, our English blood began to boil, and to cry out for justice for the oppressed; but, strangely, the whole of these sensational tales seemed to change their complexion, gradually but surely, when the cold light of fact was turned upon them. Doubtless the other side were not above occasional lime-light effects, still when all had been said and much proved it became once more evident that an enthusiast can get enough evidence from discharged workmen in any trade to prove that "the trade" is a vast net of wickedness and oppression, provided only that the enthusiast is prepared to look at one side of the question, and sternly avoid any observation of the other.

Still zeal in the cause of the weak is a good thing, and it is only regrettable when a laudable excess of sympathy leads some cham-

pion of the unfortunate to discredit their cause in the public estimation by allowing his credulousness to override his judgment, and endeavouring to prove statements which only he believes. The public is a wide-awake "party," and forms its judgments with much more rapidity and certainty than is generally supposed.

In the Committee Room it was somewhat oppressive, and frequently the noble lords ordered all witnesses to withdraw, so as to consult in private, which was pretty generally understood to mean to open the windows and shake their scent-bottles, and gasp a few mouthfuls of fresh air.

Lord Dunraven presided with much judgment and force. Like his leader in the Upper House, he has been a journalist, and probably the special correspondent work in slumming-quarters was not unknown to him.

Late in the season the investigation seemed to pall very much upon the Committee. Lord Dunraven became slightly dogmatic—impatient, no doubt, to get off to his yacht-racing. The Archbishop of Canterbury found other engagements pressing. Lord Onslow was captious, Lord Derby dull, and the other noble lords looked as if they had had quite enough of it. The public lost interest in the official statements of the secretaries of charitable societies, and came no longer.

At the date of writing, this Committee is still prosecuting the apparently interminable inquiry; public interest has gone out like a candle; we will, however, look in and lend the good cause our countenance for a few minutes. Step with me into Committee Room "A."

A fine room, lofty, spacious, light; the scrolled oak-panelling very elegant; for the rest, does it not remind you of the days of your youth? Recollect when you turned the nursery upside down to play at courts of law, or theatres, or church. Here we are again! Ordinary tables placed together, ordinary chairs, very ordinary occupants. Eh? where are the wigs? These honest folks are chatting away quietly enough. Can't hear much they are saying. Does not seem very clear who is Committee, and who isn't. As they begin to sort themselves to your mind, you notice a person ask a question apparently directed towards another person seated a little apart from the others, but he makes no response, but continues intoning—

"As I mentioned in my Statement, Number six, four, eight, seven, three, the deputy sub-overseer of the warehouses is said, by general report, to control the fluctuations in the market-price of tin-tacks, and this we consider—"

The gentleman who asked the question has evidently been pausing for a reply, and seeing that the party with the metallic twang is off "considering," he repeats—

"Do you find passing the tacks through the eye of a needle a sufficient test by which to regulate the rate of payment?"

"That depends somewhat on the needle"—"and this—er—we consider an injustice."

"You say, 'by general report,'" says another of the gentlemen. "Can you speak from your own knowledge?"

"Yes, my own knowledge. This man, Bill Baggs, told me that the manager does not know anything about tin-tacks, but brass-head nails were his line."

"You are speaking now," interposes Committee Gent. Number One, "about a particular case. Do you mean that this is an exception?"

"Yes, an exception."

"Oh, then you agree with the last witness, that the deputy sub-overseer of the warehouses does not, as a rule, control the fluctuations of the market, &c., &c.?"

"Yes—he does not, as a rule, this is an exception; and this we consider an injustice," &c., &c.

You wonder at the patience of the smileless gentlemen who sit week after week conducting an inquiry like this.



MR. ARNOLD WHITE

this historical Committee without introducing the most notable figure during its sittings last year. Mr. Arnold White, the son of a well-known Baptist minister in Kentish Town, was mainly instrumental in securing the Committee to examine into the grievances of the poverty-stricken toilers in the East End of London, and whatever may be the outcome of this inquiry, the



MR. LEDGARD, Q.C.

name of Arnold White must be remembered as its principal instigator, through whose efforts at least our knowledge of a mighty social and political problem has been increased, and the kid glove of the West has been extended in pity towards the horny hand that rises before the sun.

SIGHT SEERS

TURNING from the Committee Rooms to make our way out, we notice the pleasant folks who have come to see they know not what.

Some Member, perhaps, has invited his young friends to come and "have a look round;" the while a country landowner admires the ground plan of a shoddy-mill, a distinguished foreigner drinks in with delight the view, from the windows, of the Silver Thames, and the barrister's boy enjoys a brief sleep by the door.

Near the entrance, as we pass from the precincts of St. Stephen's we meet again our friend "Blinkbonny" and his chief, ready to remove the relics of the fray among the Private Bills; they crouch behind the "Peeler" like tigers behind a tree, ready to spring on any box which presumes to come down without the assistance of their brawny arms.

Here again, clustered outside the door, we meet, perhaps, a knot of the melancholy denizens of the East End crowding around a person in the garb of the West, who seems to marshal them exactly like a School Board master drilling his urchins, while they follow his every movement like sheep.

Whatever may be the rights and wrongs of these people, it is impossible to observe their demeanour of dejected subservience, and their curious hopelessness and want of individuality, and not see that their lot in life must be a dark one, compared with which that of a plantation slave was a round of pleasure and independence.

It is impossible to look on the results of the conditions of their life, the stunted stature, the crooked limb, the distorted features, and deny that the continuance of these conditions is a disgrace to humanity, and a danger to the State.



SIGHTSEERS



PORTERS

MR. ARNOLD WHITE

It would not be fair to conclude my remarks on



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FOREIGN

THE CAMPAIGN IN EGYPT against the Dervishes assumes considerable proportions. Three British regiments from Malta and one from Cyprus have gone to Egypt, while troops are being rapidly despatched to the front, both up the Nile from Cairo and across the desert from the Red Sea stations. Whilst awaiting these reinforcements, Colonel Wodehouse has steadily harassed the enemy as Wad-el-Njumi marched northward along the western side of the river. Foiled in every attempt to reach the river, the Dervishes at last encamped near Abu Simbel—the famous temple built by Rameses the Great—and held Khor in strength. Colonel Wodehouse took up his position at Bellana, three miles off, spreading his men over a distance of two miles, and stationed a cavalry detachment on the eastern bank to watch the rebel camp. General Grenfell, who had come up from Assouan, then reconnoitred the enemy's position, and decided that Wad-el-Njumi's strength did not exceed 2,500 fighting men, the larger numbers reported being made up by camp-followers. Both sides have since played a waiting game, in which the rebels have the disadvantage, through lacking food and water. They can only depend on the desert wells, while the neighbourhood has been completely cleared of food, and the natives warned against trafficking with the Dervishes on pain of death. Consequently, deserters pour into the Egyptian camp, hampering Colonel Wodehouse with more mouths to feed, besides the large number of prisoners taken in the frequent skirmishes with the enemy. Many have been sent down to Cairo, for all the food at Assouan and Wady Halfa is wanted for the troops and the river-side population who have left their homes on the Dervish advance. So far the natives remain loyal, many Sheikhs offering help to the Government, and the Bishareen who hold the country in the bend of the river between Abu Hamed and Korosko are particularly friendly. This is specially important, as, if the Dervishes found support on the eastern bank, they could easily advance on Korosko and Assouan. At present the Dervish head-quarters are 250 miles away. The prisoners brought into camp report that five European nuns and two priests are still alive at Khartoum.

FRANCE celebrated her National Fête with more outward ceremony, but with less peace and order, than in former years. Rain damped the popular ardour in Paris, which is beginning to grow weary of even centenary celebrations. The review was brilliant, free concerts and dramatic performances abounded, and the city was a blaze of illumination at night, and gay with open-air balls, yet people seemed only half-hearted in their enjoyment. Several street-riots occurred, especially at an Italian café in the Rue Royale, whose proprietor did not hoist the French colours, but the chief scene of the day arose from a Boulangist demonstration before the Strassburg Statue on the Place de la Concorde. The police tried to arrest M. Déroulède, who was rescued by his party in triumph. Indeed, the Boulangists have been thoroughly successful in their obstructionist tactics, keeping the Chamber in such disorder that very little business could be done before the Session closed on Saturday. Two Deputies, MM. Laguerre and Le Herissé, brought up accusations against the Ministry, and refused on successive days to quit the tribune, notwithstanding formal censure. The former deputy broke up the sitting altogether, the latter was only removed by military force. Driven to bay, the Government suddenly introduced an important electoral measure, which prevents any candidate from standing for more than one seat, and passed their Bill by the aid of many unexpected supporters, who were willing to deal so distinct a blow to General Boulanger. This Multiple Candidature Bill effectually prevents any *plébiscite* for a popular candidate—as in the case of Thiers—but, though an invaluable help to the present Government, it provides the Opposition with a rallying cry that universal suffrage is no longer free. Now

the great question is whether General Boulanger will return to France to undergo his trial, for otherwise he is ineligible at the elections. Should he return, and be condemned by the High Court, he will be disqualified from political life, unless pardoned by Government or raised to power by a Revolution, so that he is placed in a grave dilemma. Summonses to appear before the Court have been served at the residences of General Boulanger, M. Rocheort, and M. Dillon, but if the accused do not surrender by August 6th, the High Court will condemn them by default. The indictment contains three charges against the General—conspiracy, a felonious attempt against the safety of the State, and embezzlement of public funds, M.M. Rocheort and Dillon being implicated in the two first clauses.

In GERMANY the Emperor returns home from Norway next Monday, and will leave for England on the following day, accompanied by Count Herbert Bismarck. The Empress is not coming after all. His Majesty sailed through the British Squadron when at Bergen, and exchanged friendly greetings. Emperor William will be back in Germany by August 11th to receive the Emperor of Austria. SWITZERLAND assumes a fierce tone in replying to the last German Note on the right of asylum. The Swiss Government declare that they are not compelled by treaty to examine the papers of German subjects, and that they will not submit to a stipulation which would place their right of asylum at the mercy of a foreign Power. In response the German Custom House authorities on the Swiss German frontier strictly enforce the regulations. Much gratification is felt at Captain Wissmann's success in East Africa, where he has taken Tanga with little resistance. Dr. Peters complains of being thwarted by England at every turn.

EASTERN EUROPE continues in a very uneasy condition, alarmed by the decision of SERBIA to arm an additional levy of recruits, professedly to put down brigandage. In many opinions, the step is taken to provide the Radical fraction of the Government with strong armed supporters against the Liberals, thus opposing their head, M. Ristic. The chief Regent is stated to be very angry, so that the Government is divided against itself. Both BULGARIA and TURKEY object to the creation of a third levy—corresponding to the Austrian Landsturm—and the Porte is inclined to lean towards the Triple Alliance rather than support Russia in her present designs on Serbia. But Turkey has her hands quite filled by CRETE, where Mahmoud Pasha has been recalled, having utterly failed to conclude peace.

INDIA rejoices in ample rains, which have removed all fear of famine in many districts, and greatly benefitted Ganjam. However, rather too much rain has fallen in the North-West Provinces, causing serious floods. The Indus especially has laid a large tract under water. The officials belonging to the Uncovenanted Service continue to proclaim their grievances, and intend to appeal afresh to the Home Parliament. Military circles are gratified by the Begum of Bhopal offering an important contingent for frontier defence. BURMA complains of the military police, who act cruelly towards the natives, and arouse resentment against European rule.

MISCELLANEOUS.—In PORTUGAL the excitement has subsided respecting the Delagoa Bay Railway, and the Premier has formally stated in Parliament that the Government has no connection with the financial combinations announced. Meanwhile, the British gunboats *Bramble* and *Peacock* have arrived at Delagoa Bay, and report that all is quiet, foreign subjects being quite safe.—In ITALY the Pope has given up his idea of leaving Rome at present, thanks to Austrian influence. The Ultramontanes wanted His Holiness to retire to Spain, so as to embarrass the Italian Government, but AUSTRIA pointed out that he might never be allowed to return.—The plague has broken out in ARABIA, where the Assyrian district in Yemen is strictly isolated.

THE COURT

THE coming Royal marriage is the chief Court event of the day. The ceremonial at Buckingham Palace Chapel next Saturday will be in semi-State, but besides the Royal Family only a few guests can be invited, as the Chapel is so small. The Queen will come from Osborne to be present, the Shah is expected, and the King and Queen of Denmark—grandparents of the bride—the King of Greece, with the Crown Prince, the Empress Frederick and her daughters, and the Grand Duke of Hesse and family also join the party. The Archbishop of Canterbury will perform the service, with the Bishop of London and other clerical dignitaries, including the Rector of Sandringham. Probably the wedding will take place at noon, the bridal procession assembling in the lower Drawing Room at the Palace before entering the Chapel. Princess Louise of Wales will wear white and silver brocade, with a Honiton lace veil and pearl and diamond ornaments given by the Queen, her parents, and Lord Fife. Her six bridesmaids are to be her two sisters, Princess Christian's two daughters, Princess Alix of Hesse, and the little Princess Alice of Albany. The wedding breakfast will be laid in the State Drawing Room for the Royal party, a second *déjeuner* being provided for the other guests, and the Princess and Lord Fife will subsequently leave for the bridegroom's Richmond residence, East Sheen House. Afterwards they intend going to Duff House, Banff, and later on to Mar Lodge, attending the Braemar gathering in September. The Princess's trousseau is comparatively simple, and is being made in Paris, London, and Edinburgh. She will use the ordinary coronet of the Royal Princesses after her marriage.

The Queen has gone to Osborne. The Princess of Leiningen concluded her visit to Her Majesty at the end of last week, when Princesses Louise and Maud of Wales with Lord Fife came to stay with the Queen. The Princess of Wales and Princess Victoria lunched with Her Majesty on Saturday, and the Duchess of Albany and her children also arrived, Princess Beatrice going to town to hear the *Meistersinger*. Princess Christian, Lord Hartington, and the Bishop of Ripon joined the Royal party at dinner, and the Bishop officiated next morning at Divine Service in the Frogmore Mausoleum before Her Majesty and the Princesses. On Monday night Lord and Lady Salisbury, with the American Minister and his wife, dined at the Castle, and on Tuesday the Prince of Wales lunched with the Royal party. The Queen and Princess Beatrice left Windsor for Osborne on Thursday, and return to town next Friday evening for the wedding. On August 24 Her Majesty is expected in North Wales.—The Queen is suffering severely from lumbago and sciatica, resulting from a chill caught in Scotland. Although Her Majesty works and goes out as usual, she has been much weakened by the attack, frequently losing her night's rest through severe pain.

The Prince and Princess of Wales and Princess Victoria returned to town from Newmarket at the end of last week. On Saturday, the Prince presided at a meeting of the British Museum Trustees, and entertained the Duc d'Aumale to lunch, afterwards going to the French Plays with Prince George and the Duc. In the evening he accompanied Princess Beatrice to the Opera. On Sunday the Prince and Princess and family went to church, and the Prince lunched with Lord and Lady Rosslyn at Gunnersbury. Next day, the Prince and Princess and daughters witnessed the floral parade at the Botanical Gardens, where the Princess distributed the prizes, while Prince George opened the Branch Seamen's Hospital at the Albert and Victoria Docks. On Tuesday night, the Prince and Princess went to the Duke of Devonshire's ball, and next evening to Mrs. Oppenheim's concert. They leave town for Goodwood on the 29th inst., and will go on board the *Osborne* on August 2nd for a fortnight. On the same day the Prince will steam to the Nab to receive the German Emperor.

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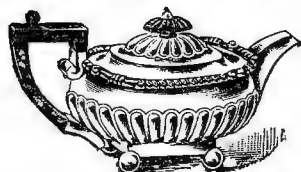
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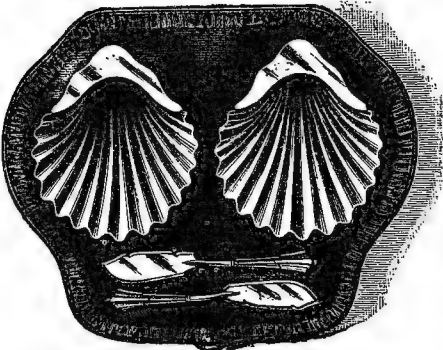
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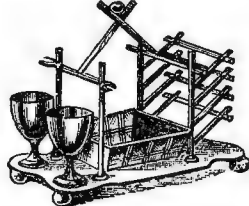
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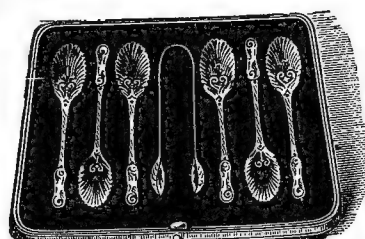
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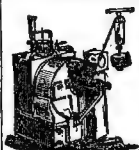
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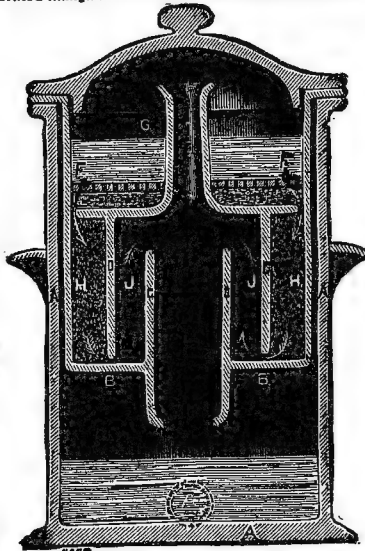
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MADAME SARAH BERNHARDT has commenced the summer season at the LYCEUM, on which we briefly touched last week, under somewhat unfortunate circumstances. *Lena*, the play selected for the opening—an adaptation of Mr. Philips' *As In a Looking Glass*—is not a particularly attractive work, and this unfavourable condition was aggravated by the fact that the preparations for the performance on the first night had been so hasty and incomplete that the curtain did not rise till long after the appointed time, or fall till midnight had sounded. Into the details of the dispute between the actress and her manager we do not propose to enter any further than to observe that if Mr. Mayer was, as alleged, remiss in failing to provide proper scenery, Madame Bernhardt and her company were certainly very tardy in discovering the deficiencies. It is clear that a single preparatory rehearsal would have sufficed to show what was wanting; and it is but an ill-compliment on the part of Madame Bernhardt towards her English admirers to neglect so simple and obvious a precaution. The story of *Lena* is already well known to us through Mrs. Bernard Beere's performance at the Opera Comique. It is unwholesome and depressing, not because it exhibits human frailty in a strong light—*Frou-Frou* does that, but *Frou-Frou* interests and carries with it a profound moral lesson—but because it exhibits wickedness without relief in any nobler purpose, and seems to claim our sympathies for a thoroughly selfish, unscrupulous, and worthless heroine. Madame Bernhardt's impersonation is, we need hardly say, powerful, and, as an artistic effort, full of subtle touches. The comparative simplicity and calm of her death-scene is probably due to no more reconducive reason than a desire to escape from the reproach of repeating herself; for Madame Bernhardt has, on the occasion of this visit, a great deal of dying to go through—has, in fact, some half-dozen death scenes, to enact which are all more or less of a harrowing kind. We are not concerned to compare her impersonation with that of her English rival; but we may say that the quality in the French actress's performance which is best worthy of a careful study is its self-restraint and watchful abstinence from all movements, tones, and gestures which have not an appropriate significance and value. Madame Bernhardt's company is not exactly a constellation of shining lights; but it is fairly efficient, or would be so, if the lady who is the bright particular star of the troop would assign to her niece, Mademoiselle Saryta, some part better suited to her than that of the *ingenue* Beatrice Vyse. Balfour, the hero, becomes, in M. Pierre Berton and Madame Van de Velde's version, Lord Ramsey—not because the original designation belongs to those names which Fame's trumpet sounds, as Dalilah says, "with contrary blast"—for Frenchmen know little of our political dissensions—but for the simple reason that the syllable "four" is of particularly sinister significance in the ears of French managers. The part is played by M. Damala neatly and not ineffectively, though with something less than his usual animation. Since the opening the company have appeared in *La Tosca* and other plays already well known to us. *Lena* is, in fact, the only novelty as far as announced of the whole series of performances, which are to be brought to a close on August 10th.

The *matinée* rage still defies the discouraging influences of the dog-days; but as yet with little profit to our repertory of acting plays. *Marquesa*, a new play from the Spanish, brought out at the OPERA COMIQUE last week, proved to be a gloomy and painful production, which was not relieved by the sombre power of Miss

Louise Moodie's impersonation of the terrible heroine. While this play was dragging its slow length along upon the Opera Comique stage, a considerable audience on the other side of the way was defying the sultry atmosphere and the oppressive odours from a neighbouring eating-house, to sit out at the STRAND Theatre the performance of a new play, entitled *Out of the Beaten Track*. This, too, was an adaptation—the original being Ernst Wichert's comedy, entitled *Ein Schritt Vom Wege*—a powerful piece on the German stage, which, however, Mr. Meyrick Milton has not succeeded in converting into a play suited to English ideas and sympathies. The proceedings of Miss Norreys as a young lady who pines for a romantic life, and of Mr. Macklin as her husband, who casts away his purse and pocket-book in order to gratify her whims, strike one as rather puerile than humorous, and the prince *incognito* who makes love to the lady and aids in involving the trio in a series of equivocal and embarrassments was not more successful. Something, perhaps, of this disappointment was due to our general inexperience, and consequent inability to appreciate the satire of life at little German water-cures; but the chief cause seemed to lie in the failure of the performers to catch the half-humorous, half-poetical key of a piece which, on its native soil, undoubtedly provides genuine entertainment.

No sooner have Mr. and Mrs. Kendal taken leave of their patrons at the COURT Theatre than Mrs. John Wood has resumed her management of that house. Lachrymose comedy has in consequence given way to boisterous farce of the pattern of those rollicking pieces by Mr. Pinero, with which the name of this house has now for some years been associated. *Aunt Jack*, which was produced on Saturday evening with conspicuous success, has clearly been written under the inspiration of *The Magistrate* and *The Schoolmistress*, and, like an ardent disciple, Mr. Ralph Lumley has even exceeded his master in the wild licence of his imbroglia. With in the bewildering accumulation of his odd coincidences. With Mrs. John Wood at court as plaintiff in a breach of promise case, and Mr. Arthur Cecil as the counsel for the defence, who discovers in the witness he is bound to cross-examine severely the lady to whom he has just made an offer of marriage, *Aunt Jack* could hardly fail to afford abundant entertainment. The promise was more than fulfilled. Throughout the play probability is outrageously defied; but the dialogue is always lively, the characters are genuinely comic, and the situations are cleverly contrived to maintain the high-tide of fun. Efficient aid is afforded to the representation by Mr. Weedon Grossmith as a weak and fussy country solicitor; Mr. Denison as an impecunious retired colonel, who is the faithless defendant in the suit; Mr. Allan Aynesworth as an autocratic young gentleman of idle and playful propensities; Mr. Fred Cape as the judge; Miss Rosina Filippi as an American young lady of matrimonial inclinations; by Mr. Eric Lewis as the nephew and counsel of the plaintiff; and last, but not least, by Miss Florence Wood, who, as the young wife of the last-named personage, has a conspicuous share in the drollery of the piece.

A comedietta played before *Aunt Jack*, and produced on the same evening, with the title of *His Toast*, is the work of Mr. A. M. Heathcote. It is neatly written, and shows aptitude for characterisation; but the motive, which turns upon the jealousy of a young wife on hearing that her husband has been "toasting" a mysterious lady, who proves in the end to be his own mother, is rather weak.

Mr. Chamberlain's appearance in the capacity of chairman at the complimentary farewell dinner to Mr. and Mrs. Kendal, on Tuesday, has served to recall the circumstance that the Member for West Birmingham enjoyed among his friends in earlier days a high reputation as an amateur actor. Young Wilding in *The Liar* and Puff in *The Critic* are, it is said, parts in which he distinguished himself, from which it may be inferred that his model was the late Charles Mathews. Besides this, Mr. Chamberlain once wrote a farce called *Who's Who?* in which he played the leading character.

It is announced that Herr von Osten, the leading tragedian of

the Dresden COURT Theatre, will appear in London next season in the character of Othello, which will be played by him in English. Herr von Osten enjoys a high reputation in Germany. He speaks English with scarcely any foreign accent. During his brief visit to London last week he was received by the Prince of Wales, to whom he brought a letter of introduction from the King of Sweden. He had also the honour of reciting a ballad of Uhland before the Princess Louise.

Mr. Robert Buchanan's drama, founded on Scott's "Marmion," will be produced, in Edinburgh, in November, with music by Dr. Mackenzie and scenery by Mr. William Glover.

The new Gaiety burlesque, on the subject of "Ruy Blas," is to have a preliminary trial at Birmingham. Miss Warren and Mr. Leslie, just home from their tour around the world, will sustain the principal parts.

Mr. Henry Arthur Jones's new play in preparation at the SHAFESBURY Theatre, is to be called *The Middleman*.

THE MOUNTAINEERING SEASON having set in, British climbers are busy in varied parts of the globe. Six Englishmen have gone to the Caucasus to search for the bodies of Professor Donkin and Mr. Fox, who are believed to have perished near Mount Ararat last autumn. Further afield, the Administrator of New Guinea, Sir William Macgregor, has scaled Mount Owen Stanley, the highest peak in the Colony, finding the natives very friendly. He secured a good collection of birds and plants. An Englishman also made the first ascent of Mont Blanc this season, and narrowly escaped disaster amid fog and tempest. The mist was so dense that he could not reach the summit, while the guides had the greatest difficulty to keep the proper track in the darkness. The Austrian Tyrol was specially fatal to climbers last year, and this region has now produced the first accident of the season. A tourist and his guide were killed last week by falling over a precipice when descending the peak of Sonnblick in Carinthia. As a companion is supposed to have survived, a search party have gone to the rescue.

PARIS EXHIBITION ITEMS.—Though not actually adjoining the Exhibition proper, the great Cattle-Show opened this week in the Champs Elysées is regarded as an Exhibition annexe, entrance being by the Exhibition tickets. It is a splendid display of the finest cattle, sheep, pigs, and poultry, including specimens from Switzerland, Holland, Belgium, and England. The Prince of Wales contributes some fine sheep and Shorthorns. Another Exhibition annexe just inaugurated is the additional workmen's Section, containing the overflow exhibits from the regular Industrial Department in the Champs de Mars, and well representing Parisian minor trades. Intending foreign visitors will be glad to hear that during the Exhibition luggage registered to Paris will not be examined at the different frontiers, but only at Paris. The Eiffel Tower loses none of its attraction, and the receipts from the opening on May 15th up to July 9th reach 62,544. M. Carnot and his family have now ascended to the very top, stopping on the third platform to lunch with M. Eiffel in his special apartments. Meteorological observations are taken at the summit regularly, weather bulletins being published twice daily in the Tower edition of the *Figaro*. The two bails in the Palais de l'Industrie last week rank among the most successful Exhibition *estivies*. The first was given by the exhibitors to the President, the members of the Government, and the Paris Municipality, the building being splendidly decorated. Various foreign bands furnished the music, and the quaint costumes of the African contingent at the Exhibition, who came to look on, rendered the scene most picturesque. Next, the Exhibition workmen had their turn on Saturday night, amidst the same decorations, when the entertainment was of rather more popular character, and the men and their families danced with much vigour.

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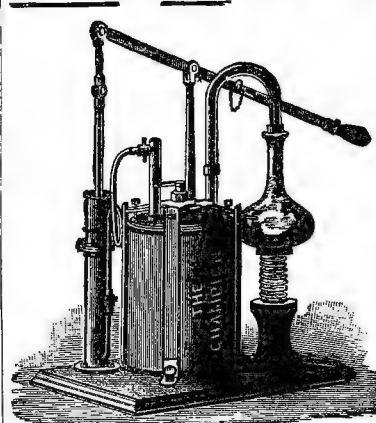
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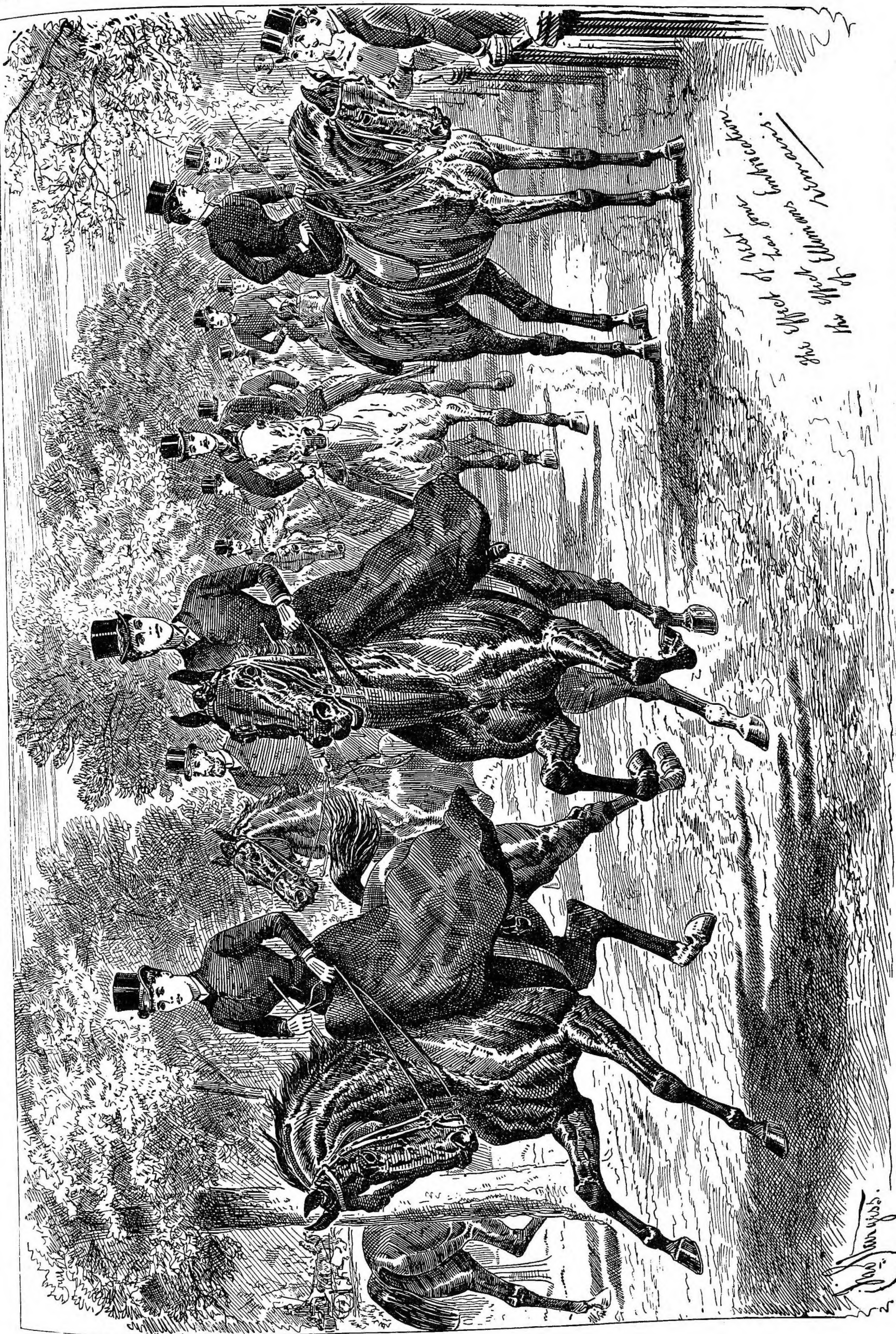
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THE SPECIAL COMMISSION.—The forensic advocacy of the incriminated members of the Irish party has suddenly collapsed, just when it had been announced, that there were only a few witnesses more to be examined for the defence, and that, therefore, the proceedings were soon to come to a natural and welcome close. The withdrawal of the counsel for the defence brought itself about in this way. On Friday last week there was a resumption of the cross-examination of Mr. Houston, the Secretary of the Loyal and Patriotic Union, who furnished the *Times* with the forged letters supplied to him by Pigott. 850*l.* of the money which Houston supplied to him for his supposed services was lent by a Dr. Maguire, paid Pigott for his cross-examination of Houston was partly and Sir Charles Russell's cross-examination of Houston was partly intended to elicit an admission that the money lent by Dr. Maguire had been repaid him out of the funds of the Loyal and Patriotic League. This was denied by Houston, but not satisfied with his denial, Sir Charles asked for the production of the books of the League. The Court declined to make an order for their production, the President pointing out that they were there to examine into the truth or falsehood of certain charges, and with the source or origin of these charges they had nothing to do. After taking time to consult their clients, it was announced on Tuesday this week by all the counsel for the defence that they

had been instructed, on account of that decision of the Court, to withdraw from the case. The President expressed his regret at this decision, adding that in other respects the position of things was not altered, and that the persons incriminated were at liberty to attend as witnesses if they thought proper. Sir Henry James then proceeded to examine two of them, Mr. J. J. O'Kelly, M.P., and Mr. Matthew Harris, M.P., formerly Fenians and members of the Irish Republican Brotherhood, and instrumental in importing arms into Ireland for insurrectionary purposes, but afterwards converted to a belief in the efficiency of Mr. Parnell's Constitutional agitation. They were strictly questioned respecting their organisation. Mr. Harris admitted that the propriety of shooting the informer Nagle was discussed in the Fenian Councils, an admission the importance of which was pointed out by the President.

MABEL WATSON, aged fourteen, professionally known as Mabel Love, a youthful actress, who has been performing at the Gaiety, was charged on Tuesday before Mr. Vaughan, at Bow Street, with attempting to commit suicide. Early on that morning she had thrown herself into the Thames. In reply to the magistrate, who spoke to her throughout the proceedings in a most fatherly way, she said that she did not know what she was doing. Her mother, who was in court, ascribed the attempt to her very hard study of late for the stage, bringing on sleeplessness, in addition to which she had

only recently recovered from an attack of typhoid fever. Mr. Vaughan said that he would discharge her solely on the condition that the mother undertook to take her away from London at once. This being promised, the magistrate addressed to her the parting monition: "Now, child, on no consideration do anything at all, but go and enjoy the fresh air, and on no account look at a book again for some time to come."

ANOTHER WHITECHAPL MURDER.—On Wednesday morning in Castle Alley, a few yards from the scene of the last Whitechapel murder, in Dorset Street, a woman was found dead in a pool of blood flowing from a wound in the throat and from a gash in the stomach, evidently inflicted by a sharp instrument. She seemed to be about forty, and to belong to the class, members of which were the victims of the previous Whitechapel murders.

THE LAMBETH TRAGEDY.—Curragh having been brought up on remand at the Lambeth Police Office, charged with the murder of Letine, the acrobat, behaved occasionally in a singularly and excited manner during the hearing of the evidence, most of which has been already reported in this column, but which on Monday included a statement by the house-surgeon of St. Thomas's Hospital that he considered Curragh to be thoroughly insane. The prisoner was committed for trial on the charge of wilful murder.

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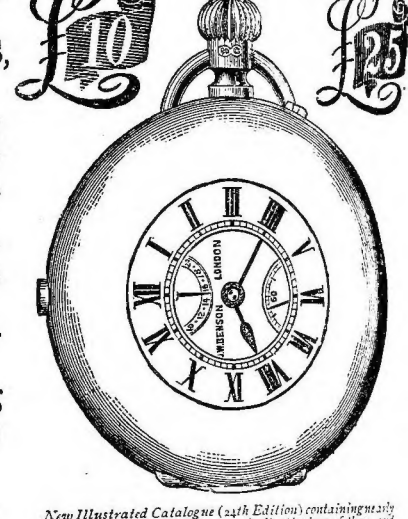
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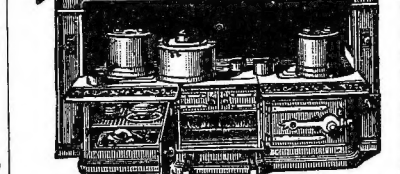
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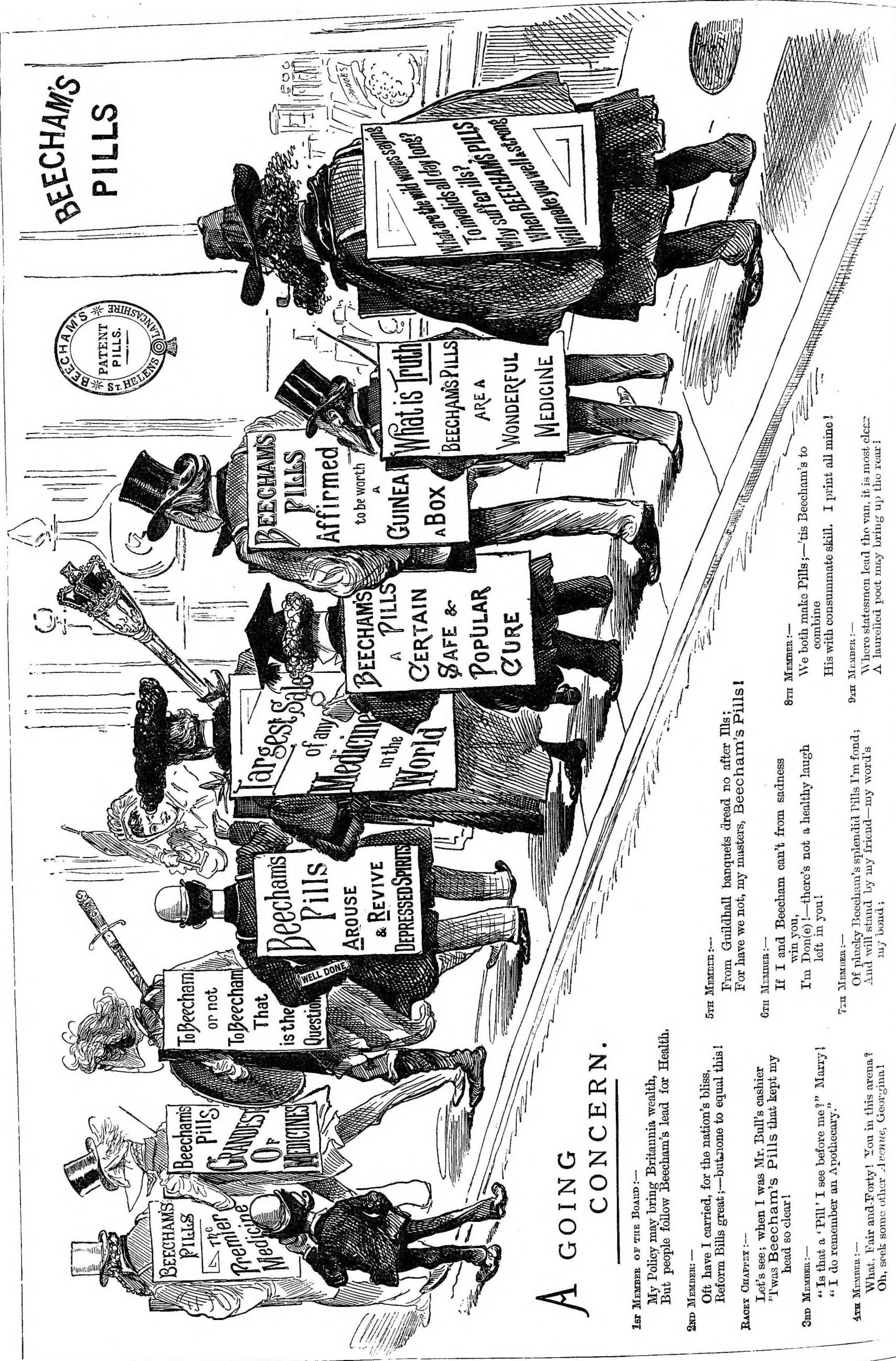
"A 3" Clars for Workmen. INDICATING, COUNTING, and CLOCKWORK MECHANISM A SPECIALITY.

EXPERIMENTAL WORK FOR INVENTORS UNDERTAKEN.

PATENT BUSINESS TRANSACTED BY

W. M. LLEWELLYN, C.E.

LLEWELLYN MACHINE CO., BRISTOL



A GOING CONCERN.

1ST MEMBER OF THE BOARD:—

My Policy may bring Britannia wealth,
But people follow Beecham's lead for Health.

2ND MEMBER:—

Of have I carried, for the nation's bliss,
Reform Bills great;—but none to equal this!

RACEY CHAPPEL:—

Let's see; when I was Mr. Bull's cashier
"Twas Beecham's Pills that kept my
head so clear!

3RD MEMBER:—

"Is that a 'Pill' I see before me?" Marry!
"I do remember an Apothecary."

4TH MEMBER:—

What, Fair and-Forty! You in this arena?
Oh, seek some other Avenue, Georgina!

5TH MEMBER:—

From Guildhall banquets dread no after ills;
For have we not, my masters, Beecham's Pills!

6TH MEMBER:—

If I and Beecham can't from sadness
win you,
I'm Don(e)!—there's not a healthy laugh
left in you!

7TH MEMBER:—

Of plucky Beecham's splendid Pills I'm fond;
And will stand by my friend—my word's
my bond;

8TH MEMBER:—

We both make Pills;—'tis Beecham's to
combine
His with consummate skill. I print all mine!

9TH MEMBER:—

Where statesmen lead the van, it is most clear
A laurelled poet may bring up the rear!

BEECHAM'S
PILLS

